JOHN BULL, MARCH 8, 1930
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1238.
Vol. XLVII.

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FREE BOOKLETS describing the "DECCA" SALON PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE and other models will be sent on request to "Decca," Dept. 11, 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9. Turn to the advt. on page 25.

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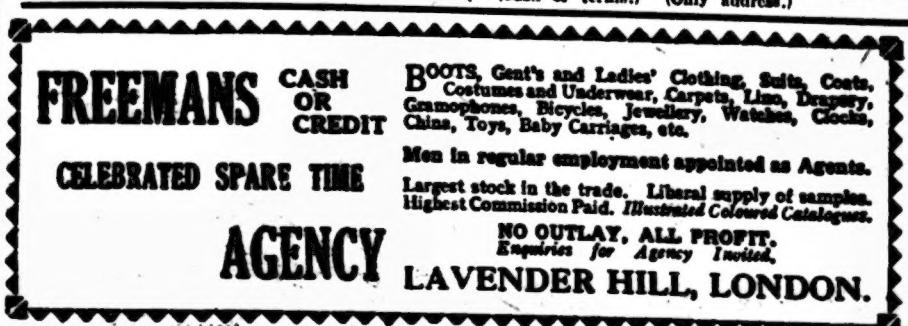
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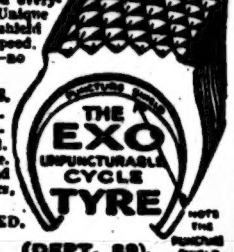

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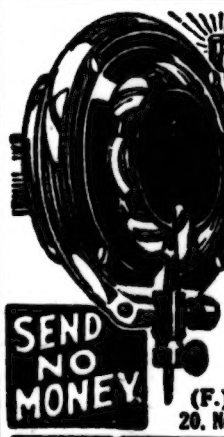

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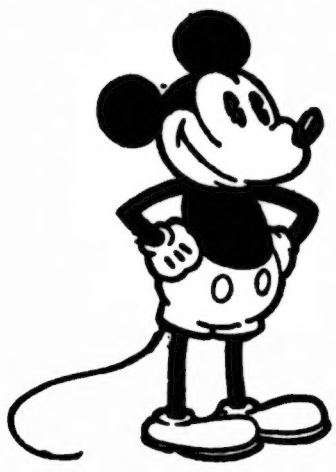

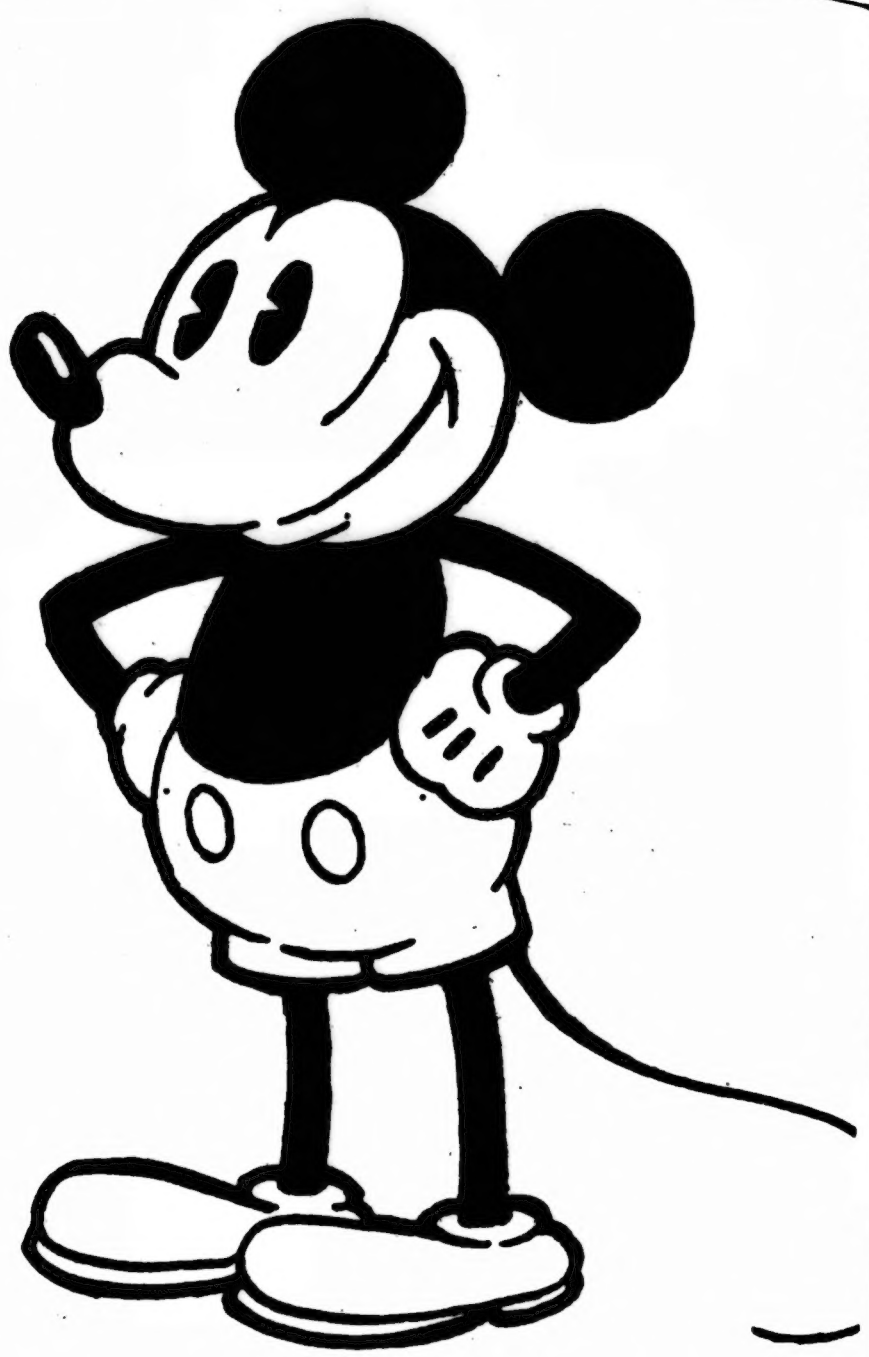

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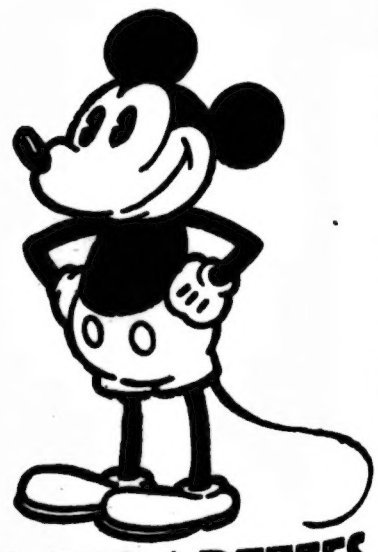

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"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

"Two black marks"—but he won't worry

THERE is strong feeling among Labour M.P.s that somebody ought to tell Earl Harewood (formerly Viscount Lascelles) to take a less provocative line in the Lords debates.

Otherwise, they say, they will have to indulge in some very straight speaking, and, owing to his close relationship with the Throne, that is a thing they do not want to do.

* * *

They have got two black marks against him—his remarks about disarmament and his straight Party vote against the Government on the Unemployment Insurance Bill.

We do not share the Labour feeling. Lord Harewood is entitled to express his opinions, and neither he nor the Throne will worry about any fair criticism he may get in return.

Talked back

It is now fairly certain that the miners will not get their half-hour reduction in April as was originally intended, but at midsummer.

This is the result of the lengthy opposition that has been put up to the Coal Mines Bill, and the still further opposition and obstruction that the House of Lords has decided to offer.

* * *

It will be necessary for the Bill to work for at least three months before the hours reduction can safely be effected, so that the owners may mobilise themselves under the marketing scheme.

The clog

The Prime Minister is ill-advised in his refusal to extend the terms of reference of the committee on the hours of sittings of the House of Commons, so that it might review the far more urgent problem of clogged Parliamentary machinery.

Mr. E. F. Wise had strong support for his suggestion that this should be done. Undoubtedly Standing Orders should be revised in order to expedite business and give Members greater control over legislation and administration.

Mr. MacDonald's "It can't be done" is nonsense. In the end his overloaded programme will compel him to do it.

Playing with fire

In view of the danger from inflammable kinematograph films, particularly at "children's matinées," it is difficult to understand the Home Secretary's refusal to prohibit their use.

The trade objections to non-inflammable film—namely, increased fragility and difficulty of joining sections of it—are practically overcome by recent technical improvements.

M.P.s who continue to press this matter should receive wider support in the Press. With recent tragedies in mind, we shall do our bit.

They Cannot Gag the Earl

Miners' Half-hour Put Back

Fire-water Ravages

Right the wrong

Under the Contributory Pensions Act of 1925 the right to receive a contributory pension in addition to a service dependent's pension in respect of sons killed in the war was limited to natural parents.

The new Pensions Bill corrects this by extending the right to step-parents: but why stop half-way?

The restriction still applies where the dependent's pension was granted in respect of an adopted son—a glaring instance of purposeless injustice.

Our Philip

Mr. Philip Inman has been adopted as Labour candidate for Middlesbrough West.

We congratulate the Party on having secured the support of this Yorkshireman, who is affectionately remembered by millions of readers for his weekly JOHN BULL articles.

"Affectionately remembered"

As House Governor of Charing Cross Hospital, a position he has filled for the past nine years, he has been described as having his finger "on the beating heart of London," for nowhere is London's human comedy better seen in all its variations of laughter and tears than in the wards at Charing Cross.

Mr. Inman, who is only thirty-seven, is welcomed as a candidate in Labour circles all over the country.

Incidentally, there has been a friendly exchange of letters with Mr. Kingsley Griffiths, the Liberal who won Middlesbrough West last election.

We wish them both luck!

"Red Biddy"

The extensive sale in Scotland of that abomination in drinks known as the "red biddy" demands much closer attention than the Secretary of State for Scotland seems to realise.

This fire-water is usually composed of a cheap red wine mixed with a considerable quantity of methylated spirit. It is ruinous stuff to the women in the poorest districts.

Heavy penalties on the sellers are needed.

Hard on nurses

While the Mental Treatment Bill is passing through its remaining stages in Parliament, an attempt will be made to insert a clause which will prevent the employment of women in nursing male lunatics.

The Ministry of Health has never denied that large numbers of women nurses are exposed to risks of a peculiar kind when attending to patients of a certain type.

The Asylum Workers' Union is enthusiastic in support of the proposed change.

On, Stanley, on!

Since the appearance of our article disclosing the true details of the British Museum bomb sensation we have been showered with congratulatory messages and have had many callers.

The most important, perhaps, was a famous baronet, who, grateful to us for disclosing Captain Stanley's present whereabouts, asked for further particulars of his movements.

His object was to try and help this rogue's first wife, who has been left in reduced circumstances with a young child to support, and who has received little or no maintenance allowance from Stanley for some time.

A codder

Last week the Press devoted considerable space to the dramatic appeal made by an aged but anonymous man at Bow Street, who contended that he had served three years' penal servitude for a crime to which another man had confessed while he was in prison.

The whole thing is an impudent hoax.

We can unmask the anonymous sob-stuff merchant as Charles McCoy, who has numerous aliases, and a criminal record dating back to 1888.

The truth is that the man who is alleged to have "confessed" in prison is a rogue, who, associated previously with McCoy, evaded the police until arrested and sentenced to five years' penal servitude for other crimes!

The public can spare its sympathy.

Traffic smoke

It may be taken that we have heard the last of the Minister of Transport's recent bombshell regarding a London traffic pool run on State lines.

Contrary to general belief, the suggestion was not made with the consent of the various traffic bodies. In fact, it took them completely by surprise.

When their views were sought afterwards, they were given with a briefness and sharpness that nonplussed the optimistic floaters of the plan.

The London traffic system would be impossible to work profitably except under the present highly specialised body of men. And the State would not dare to pay them their present salaries.

Kilted common-sense

The Ministry of Transport's £6,000,000 plan for bridging the Forth at Queensferry is meeting with no favour in the North.

Authoritative local opinion is emphatic in support of an alternative suggestion, which contends that a bridge at Alloa would provide all the services which the more grandiose plan was projected to meet, and, in addition, cost but £1,000,000.

The Ministry would be well advised to accept a plan which combines so admirably efficiency with economy.

A present for Maggie

On Monday next Miss Bondfield, Britain's first woman Cabinet Minister, celebrates her fifty-seventh birthday.

"Celebrates her birthday"

A quarter of a century ago she was a pupil-teacher in a board school. Then she worked for ten years as a shop-assistant before she began to win her way into public work.

This time she will find a most welcome present waiting for her—the first copy of the new *Daily Herald*, which is to be born on her birthday.

The arrival of a great national daily newspaper, offering insurance and other benefits second to none, is delighting "Maggie" and all her colleagues in the Cabinet.

They realise how it will help the Party in the country from every point of view.

Something doing

When the Minister of Health introduces his new Slum Clearance Bill in the House of Commons in the near future, he is quite prepared to hear howls of rage from the Conservatives at the expense which will be involved.

Meanwhile, under the Housing Act of 1923, there is an annual average loss to the public funds of about £2 per person rehoused.

Greenwood's scheme will mean millions of pounds over a series of years, but it will mean "something doing."

Making Halifax hideous

Halifax Corporation seem bent on rivalling the feat of the barbarian conqueror, who boasted, "I found it a town, and I left it a desert."

For years it has been busily pulling down property, and then equally zealously leaving the heaps of brick and rubble to take care of themselves.

Clearing out slums is good business, but building fresh dwellings does seem a part of the plan. Anything more like hell than the ruins they have scattered over the town even industrial England cannot produce.

"If You See It—" *continued*

Mother Hubbard found the cupboard was bare

Holding the baby

When the national accounts are cast up at the end of this month it will be found that Mr. Churchill's Budget estimates of last year were very wide of the mark.

Mr. Churchill budgeted for a surplus of £4,096,000, with the pious hope that this saving might be increased by Departmental economies. The deficit will prove very much greater than that.

The ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer swept the cupboard bare by distributing £8,650,000 which he could not afford in abolishing the tea duty and decreasing income-tax.

Neither did he make any provision for heavy expenditure which he knew would fall due in succeeding years.

Just British

We have had occasionally to ventilate grievances of English emigrants to Canada.

So we take the more pleasure in publishing the admirable working of the regular schemes.

Special reception-farms have been arranged to train immigrants and prepare them for distribution through the country in the best interests of all concerned. Family settlement has been particularly successful.

Normally a country can absorb 10 immigrants to every 1,000 of the population. The United States "peak" figure is under 15.

Last year Canada absorbed 17 per 1,000—in round figures, 168,000, of whom the majority were British.

Even 30,000 who came in from the United States were largely of British ancestry.

Now, George!

We have a bone to pick with Mr. George Lansbury.

While he resolutely refuses to make any charge to the well-to-do people who ride on horseback in Rotten Row, he proposes to ask twopence—or some similar sum—for the use of the bathing-pavilion on the Serpentine.

Seeing that Rotten Row is maintained at an annual cost of £2,000, this is not fair and equable treatment as between horsey folk and the rest.

Over the line

Women telephone-operators working on various London exchanges have been pestered for some time by abusive and obscene calls from an anonymous individual.

Making use of public call-boxes, this unknown man has uttered most objectionable epithets over the wire. Numerous complaints were made to headquarters.

After concerted enquiry on the part of Post Office officials and C.I.D. officers, the culprit was discovered to be one of the G.P.O.'s own linesmen.

So far he has not been charged. Is he to go scot-free?

One more kick

It seems a thousand pities that the Royal Berkshire Hospital Contributory Scheme Committee should make the ridiculous ruling that people who pay income-tax shall be debarred from participation in its scheme.

The fact that a man is assessed for income-tax, especially on the lower scale, is anything but evidence of easy means nowadays.

To ban such a man is to exclude a numerous class which it has hitherto been designed to benefit.

Radium claims

The extravagant claims that are printed everywhere on behalf of radium treatment for cancer must be questioned.

While radium can kill malignant growths, its margin of usefulness is narrow. Radium is very dangerous to use. A large dose might kill both normal and abnormal cells; too small a dose might actually stimulate the cancer cells.

The President of the British Medical Association tells us that if there is one thing scarcer than radium it is a supply of experts trained to administer it. Skilled surgery is still more efficacious than radium.

Death at the wheel

Mr. P. Kirkup, chairman of the Bench, was right when he said, in Chester-le-Street Police Court, that sending out a driver on a long-distance omnibus service with no spare driver or conductor conduced to dangerous driving, and was bad both for the driver and the passengers.

Horace Edwin Thwaites was charged with having crashed into trucks at a level-crossing while on the Newcastle-to-London service and he stated that, though he had complained in London, he was sent out alone.

Very properly the case was adjourned for a month, so that the owners might answer the summons for "aiding and abetting."

Hush-hush?

Seeing our recent disclosures regarding the high police official of Leicester, ex-Deputy Chief Constable Judd, Mr. Edwin Scrymgeour, M.P., decided to ask a question in the House. Judd had admitted receiving loans from publicans contrary to police regulations and Mr. Scrymgeour wanted to know why, at least, his pension of £332 a year was not stopped for such abuses.

"Decided to ask a question"

Mr. Scrymgeour was not allowed to put his question, but was asked to see a leading Home Office official, who, stating that all the facts were known, added that nothing could be done.

An ordinary police-constable who accepts a "tip" of a few shillings for rendering a service is liable to dismissal.

Separate organisation

We have been informed by Messrs. Barlow, Barker and Co., solicitors, of Manchester, that the Assemblies of God in Great Britain and Ireland is quite a separate and distinct organisation from any of those mentioned in our recent article.

They state that the Assemblies of God in Great Britain and Ireland is not an organisation founded or led by any of the persons mentioned in the article contained in our issue of January 18, 1930, under the caption, "Frenzied Victims of Hypnotic Pastors."

Importunate jackals

The Southend Law Society has done well to call for full particulars of a recent case in which a solicitor's tout visited a hospital soon after a street accident and induced an injured woman to sign a document authorising him to act for her. She undertook to pay him half of any compensation she might be awarded.

It need hardly be said that no respectable solicitor would risk his reputation by such methods.

Unfortunately, there are many still on the roll who have so little reputation to lose that they will prowl round hospitals like jackals.

Oh, your worship!

Acting upon an urgent complaint, two West End detectives recently gave chase in a fast car to two men who had driven off in another vehicle that did not belong to them.

By leaping from the running-board of the pursuing car, one of the officers was successful, after a prolonged chase, in bringing the fugitives to a standstill, but he was injured in the process and now lies in hospital with several fractured ribs.

* * *

Brought up before Mr. Graham Campbell at Bow Street, the men pleaded that they were only out "on a joy-ride," and the magistrate, accepting this, merely fined the one who had driven the car 5s. for doing so without a licence.

A sane way

In Scotland there is an excellent law whereby people who become mentally unbalanced may be sent to a private home for six months on a doctor's certificate.

The patient and his family are not labelled as insane by the issue of a magisterial certificate.

But this does not apply to persons sent to public institutions, so that a well-to-do person who can afford to go to a home is only "sick," while a poor person in the same mental state is certified insane.

Tens of thousands of persons have recovered again without having the stigma of insanity. It should apply to rich and poor alike.

Two more captures

A swindler named S. M. Burton, who ran a bogus emigration and advice bureau in the Strand, was exposed in JOHN BULL a little while back for cruelly robbing his clients.

Then the police got on his track, and now he is in jail for fifteen months.

The same pleasing sequence is to be noted in regard to a rogue who operated in the name of M. T. Moran from an accommodation-address in Covent Garden.

We told how Moran was cruelly swindling unemployed men. His arrest followed, and Moran, whose real name is Thomas Walsh, will be under lock and key for the next six months.

Neighbours provided

James William Jones, of Penygroes, Wales, won't provide for his family, but says that the Lord will.

This is loathsome cant. But for the neighbours, his wife and children would have starved; and in May, 1929, they were taken to the Llandilo workhouse.

Since then relief in various forms to the value of £36 3s. has been given.

Jones won't pay, and, because of his *religious scruples*, he won't draw the "dole."

The local magistrates did well to give him the alternative of amendment or prison.

The main factor

A Port Talbot reader writes to ask our opinion of Hecla Consolidated Mines, Ltd., stating that he invested £200 nearly two years ago on the strength of recommendations in the *Financial Recorder*, and has heard nothing since.

His plight, we fear, is shared by hundreds of others. That arch-schemer, Jacob Factor, was behind both the Hecla Company and the bogus paper which boosted its shares, and all the investors have lost their money.

Lamps without light

A motor-vehicle must carry lamps. Of what power? Oh, any amount! Imagine that! It is not necessary that the lamps should shed light on the road.

The consequence was shown in a Sutton Coldfield tragedy when a man was run down by a lorry in the dark and killed.

It was not the fault of the driver, but of the lamps—that is to say, of the law, which does not insist that lamps must illuminate.

The Ministry of Transport must deal with the matter.

Build your fortune!

A builder of houses is Mr. H. Hopcraft, of Ivy Cottage, Piddington, Thame—and a builder of bonny *Bullets*, too!

"He climbed the ladder"

Last week he climbed the ladder to the top-floor of our prize-list, carrying off a record one-week cheque for 850 Guineas for his significant *Bullet*: TREAT TO SEE — "HUMAN TOUCH" SHATTERING ARMAMENTS.

Now we have capped this record offer with the biggest of all prizes before the public today.

Add a few words to one of the coupons on page 38 and you may have the staggering choice between 4,000 guineas and a £5 weekly life pension plus £2,000.

Buy British goods!

We should like to ask the Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Society why it accepted the tender of a German firm for the necessary plant to make hollow-ware metal goods.

This is a type of machinery originated in Wakefield, and in which Wakefield still beats the world.

Messrs. Joseph Rhodes and Sons, Ltd., of Wakefield, competed in the ordinary way, and offered the Scottish C.W.S. every facility to inspect.

But no advantage was taken of the offer, and the C.W.S. was in such a hurry to accept the German tender that it took an obsolete machine of negligible worth compared with the Wakefield model.

The Modest B.B.C.

At the moment, Berlin has the finest wireless headquarters in the world. But when the new B.B.C. building in Portland Place is finished it will make Berlin look very small.

There will be nothing to compare with it, either in Europe or America, for magnificent architecture and engineering perfection.

Nevertheless, the world will not be told about its wonders unless Sir John Reith changes his present mind.

The brute is fined

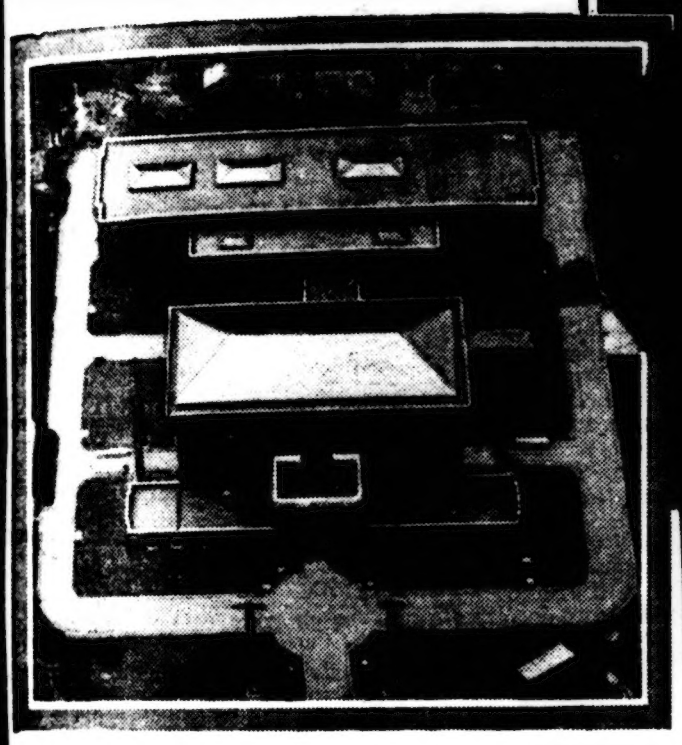
Cruelty does not yet get its just reward.

At Holsworthy Sessions, Joseph Sutton, of Bradford, was fined £2 with £1 5s. 6d. costs for keeping five dogs chained up in filthy sugar-boxes, which were no protection from wind of weather, and giving them no water.

Some of these miserable beasts had been kept chained up for twelve months. The Holsworthy Bench might have done as much for Sutton.

Wireless Plot REVEALED

by MR. GEORGE MIDDLETON, M.P.



If you want to talk to a ship they switch you on to Rugby, the largest wireless-station in the world

The portrait is of the author. Sir W. Mitchell-Thomson "was strongly against the transfer." Behind him Sir John Reith, B.B.C. Director

DISCUSSIONS now proceeding in the Press regarding the refusal of the Post Office to "co-operate" with the Imperial and International Communications Company in working the new wireless telephony system are of no account. They may be dismissed. They are camouflage.

The real issue is the exclusive control by the Communications Company of all overseas telegraphic and telephonic communication, that wonderful new system by which you and I can talk to ship or train—which brings the uttermost ends of the world into touch.

The prize is colossal, and Big Business, with its large resources of international finance, will do its utmost to secure it.

Wireless telephony is now a State monopoly in the hands of the Post Office.

Briefly stated, the position as it now stands is that the Communications Company owns a monopoly of all overseas written-word communication, and the Post Office owns a similarly powerful monopoly of all overseas spoken-word communication.

These two forms are in direct conflict, and the present state of progress clearly indicates that within a short time the wonderful engineering staff of the Post Office—the most efficient body of engineers in the world—will have brought wireless telephony to such a pitch of perfection that it will crush all rival forms of communication now in existence.

A *winning hand*

IT will, however, be unable to exceed the telegraph in speed of transmission; but by virtue of its amazing cheapness it will be eventually possible to telephone America at about 9d. a minute.

The fact that the public prefers the spoken to the written word will obviously attract to it the major portion of communications trade.

All this will be greatly to the detriment of the £30,000,000 Communications Company, which owes its existence to the notorious beam-wireless transfer of 1929.

Readers of JOHN BULL will recall that Mr. Walter Baker, M.P., exposed that disgraceful business exclusively in these columns, and had it not been for him, the most scandalous transaction of modern times would have been completed without the public fully appreciating all that was involved.

The beam was owned by the Post Office. It was operated with immense success. It met and triumphantly defeated all competition. It compelled its rivals twice to cut their charges.

At the time of its transfer, in fact, from public to private ownership, it had practically threatened to put its competitors out of business. But instead of the Post Office taking over its beaten rivals, the position was reversed.

It is no exaggeration to refer to this transaction in the terms which I have used; but I am only too ready to praise the attitude of the Postmaster-General of that time.

He was Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, and it is to his credit that he loyally supported the views of his permanent officials and engineers which were strongly against the transfer.

Lord Wolmer, the Assistant-Postmaster-General, did not follow his chief's example.

He is, at present, the general in command of the forces attacking the Post Office and serving to discredit it in the eyes of the public.

The Government decision reached last week to keep its wireless telephony system under the Post Office is, unfortunately, by no means final. The fight for a communications monopoly has only just begun.

An immediate threat against the decision is Mr. Baldwin's intention to enforce a full-dress debate on the whole subject.

It must be remembered that the Liberal Party decided to stand by when the beam transaction was made, and its intentions regarding wireless telephony are not known.

Private interests will do their utmost to reverse the decision of Mr. Lees Smith, who, after all, has only a minority Government behind him.

In an earlier debate on the subject an attempt was made to damage the credit of the Post Office, and definite proposals were made to hand over still one more paying proposition to private interests.

It would have been an iniquitous transaction if the Post Office had been compelled to hand over its wireless telephony system to private interests.

Eventually it will certainly bring immense prosperity to the Post Office and increase its annual surplus manifold.

Its costs of transmission, compared with other forms of communication, are practically negligible. It goes "on the air" from shore to shore. It has no costly cables to maintain.

If it offers service that private competitors cannot match, either in cost or efficiency, it is not unfair. It is merely progress asserting itself. And in this instance it is progress instigated by a State concern for public gain.

No more risks

AND, apart from these weighty considerations, it is highly undesirable that a monopoly of all our overseas communications should be in the hands of a private company, especially one with international and cosmopolitan interests.

The cable companies are largely international, with foreign capitalists as big shareholders, and the Marconi Company is in association with American, French and German wireless companies.

In addition, the financial side of some of the private enterprises which took over the wireless telegraph service from the Post Office does them little credit.

The State is at least free from financial gambling with the property of its citizens.

Memories of the Great War are surely too recent to risk again our overseas communications being in private hands.

It is, of course, admitted by the advocates of private interests that the cable and wireless services would have to be handed back to the State in time of crisis.

I maintain this is not sufficient. Apart from the inevitable dislocation which must ensue from such arrangements, our national security demands an efficient dependable staff, trained in the Civil Service tradition of loyalty to the community.

The records of censorship reveal very serious leakages of information which took place during the early part of the war on wireless and cable services belonging to private companies. The war was undoubtedly prolonged by such leakages.

Some of the employees of the private companies retained during the war were of foreign extraction, belonging to neutral countries, but sympathetic to the enemies of Britain.

The operation of the censorship was taken over during the war by the Post Office. All messages were censored at the Central Telegraph Office before transmission.

It is learnt that the Communications Company, which is already in touch with the Cabinet, has offered "terms" for the installation of the necessary telephonic apparatus at the beam stations to transmit wireless telephonic messages.

Keep it for ourselves!

THE terms are a fixed rental of from £33,000 to £38,000 per annum, plus a 10 per cent. share of gross British receipts, with a guaranteed minimum, making a total minimum annual charge of from £40,000 to £45,000 for all four beam stations.

I hope the public will stand behind the Government, which resists the transfer of this new wonder of science, developed by the Post Office, from public to private hands.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

He Bans the Big Stick

Full Measure for a Scoundrel—Test of "Jimmy" Brown
A Boy's Box of Magic

The Rt. Hon. Viscount DUNEDIN,
House of Lords, London, S.W.

MY LORD,—I congratulate you on your courage in deciding against the income-tax appeal of the Crown in regard to the Burma Corporation.

It is indeed time that those who advise the Crown in such matters made up their minds that the Crown *can* do wrong.

Especially in regard to income-tax, the private citizen has come to think that he is helpless. Some officials give him every consideration, some give him none; he has been entirely in their hands.

Plainly in such an issue the ordinary tests of law and equity should apply.

But, indeed, in all dealings between "public" institutions and members of the public the same hint of the Big Stick has been manifest.

The telephone-subscriber, for example, who has been cut off because his payment is overdue must pay to have service re-established; but he gets no compensation for loss through temporary defects in the service.

And he has had no effective means of checking charges made.

I have no doubt that your stand for public rights will have a widespread influence.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD,—Every British citizen worthy of the name will thank you for the salutary severity you showed towards the scoundrel Robert Alexander Pile.

This man of fifty-two assaulted a cripple girl, suffering from tubercular disease and stone deaf. It was an abominable crime, and seven years' penal servitude no more than pays for it.

Let us hope that your example will be followed, and that even J.P.s will be stirred up to treat loathsome cruelty as worse than petty pilfering.

JOHN BULL.

H.R.H. The DUKE OF YORK,
145, Piccadilly, London, W.

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—That was indeed a rousing call you gave to masters and men to come together to do their best for England.

You are right in laying emphasis on the human element. And that does so tend to be ignored in these days of big combines.

How can a merger have direct human relations with its horde of employees? There is a good deal to be said still—isn't there?—for individual enterprise plus co-operation.

JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL INSTONE,
11, Hanover Terrace, London, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—I am glad to know that the new scheme for "water-buses" on the Thames is not to be a nine-days' wonder, but that we hope to see a service of fast boats started early in the spring of next year.

The neglect of the Thames as a means of passenger traffic is as scandalous as it is absurd. And it is humiliating to compare it with the use the other ports make of their waterways.

With our vast main thoroughfare idle, and unconsidered, all the talks on traffic congestion were outside reality.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. E. G. PRETYMAN,
President, Land Union

DEAR SIR,—You have strong support from all Parties in your demand that the Government should give immediate help for ploughland agriculture. And my sympathy is with you.

Undoubtedly the first need of the country is a strong agricultural policy. If farming were restored to prosperity the industrial problem would be near solution.

But you must not hang about waiting for help. There must be signs that the farmers are willing—nay, eager—to help themselves.

Let them be assured that the "halcyon days" of the war, when everything they touched turned into gold, will never come again.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman Sir WILLIAM PRYKE,
City of London Guildhall

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—In a few words you have expressed the opinion of the man in the street on the inexplicable perversity of the income-tax authorities.

Seeking an order for payment of income-tax and costs against a married man, who, though living apart from his wife, was allowing her £156 a year, a collector declared that as he was not living with her in the eyes of income-tax law he was a single man, and not entitled to a married man's allowance.

"Never mind income-tax law. What is the common-sense view of the matter?" was your comment.

Spoken as I expect common-sense to be spoken by a past Lord Mayor of London.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES BROWN, M.P.,
Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh

DEAR JAMIE,—When, in 1924, you were appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland there were some who looked askance. They doubted whether a miner, who started work at twelve years of age, and his good wife could successfully represent the King and Queen.

I hear no demur now that you have again had conferred upon you one of the highest honours in the land.

You have proved that the dignity of the most exalted office is safe in the keeping of His Majesty's humblest subject.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. H. PRITCHARD,
Physiology Dept., Middlesex Hospital

BRILLIANT BOY,—That a nineteen-year-old youth should have made an epoch-making invention touches the miraculous. Thank heaven that your invention is not to destroy, but to save life.

Your "magic box," which enables you to detect the presence in the atmosphere of even minute quantities of gas, will be of inestimable value in mines, submarines and elsewhere.

And you have done this in your teens! Your fellow-countrymen confidently anticipate for you a glorious career.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. LEONARD R. THOMSON,
London Road, South Lowestoft

MY DEAR LAD,—You little thought on that bitterly cold night off the Shetland Islands, when, heavily clad, you leapt from the deck of the steam-drifter *Forethought* into the raging sea to rescue your mate, that six months later the world would ring with your heroism.

That is the way of those who go down to the sea in ships, to reck nothing in risking their lives for their pals.

Now, at eighteen, you have been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal of the Royal Humane Society for the bravest deed of the year, and I am proud to greet you as a worthy addition to my gallery of gallant boys.

JOHN BULL.

Sheriff HENDRY,
Greenock Sheriff Court

SIR,—I cannot congratulate you on your treatment of Joseph Bryceland. He was summoned for allowing his motor-'bus to be overcrowded, and pleaded not guilty.

He was told that the hearing would be continued the next week, and that he would have to be there with his witnesses.

Considering that the man is now unemployed, it was absurd to think that he could pay to bring witnesses back again.

He expressed his indignation with the somewhat injudicious remark, "I won't be here." For that you sent him to prison for five days.

For shame! JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. JUSTICE MCCARDIE: "This nation is overwhelmed with regulations."

And still sings "Rule, Britannia!"

* * *

BISHOP OF LICHFIELD: "I am not a bruiser myself, but I should not be ashamed if I were."

That is straight from the shoulder. A very manly and Christian remark.

Not from 2 L O.—Sir Maurice Gwyer, Procurator-General, on

"The Deference due to ME!"

THOUGH some have in language emphatic
Expressed a ridiculous fear
Of ways which they call "bureaucratic,"
And others have ventured to sneer
At justice as dealt out in Whitehall,
You'll know just how barren and base
Such critics can be when I cite all
The facts of the case.

And yet, so stupendous their nerve is,
These carpers consider the courts
More fit than our chaste Civil Service
To deal with their troublesome torts!
They prattle of things we have "wangled,"
And say that they wish to escape
From bureaucrats, sadly entangled
In yards of pink tape!

And this, I regret to record, is not
all that has been said—some of it by
eminent gentlemen who should know
better.

The caustic comments of the Lord Chief Justice on what he calls "the new despotism" have been eagerly quoted by Whitehall's enemies.

Doubtless they will repeat no less eagerly the remarks made by other Law Lords in rapping us over the knuckles for pouring out public money in taking cases to the House of Lords which we hadn't an earthly chance of winning.

It is regrettable that there should be this growing tendency to carp at the Civil Service.

The Government of the country is in our hands, and unless we have the

unquestioning faith of our inferiors in status, the common people, how can we maintain discipline?

It is certainly out of the pockets of the common people that we draw our salaries, but then that is where the public hangman's wages come from.

And would it be reasonable for a man about to be hanged to question the hangman's right to pull the lever because he, the hangee, had helped to pay him?

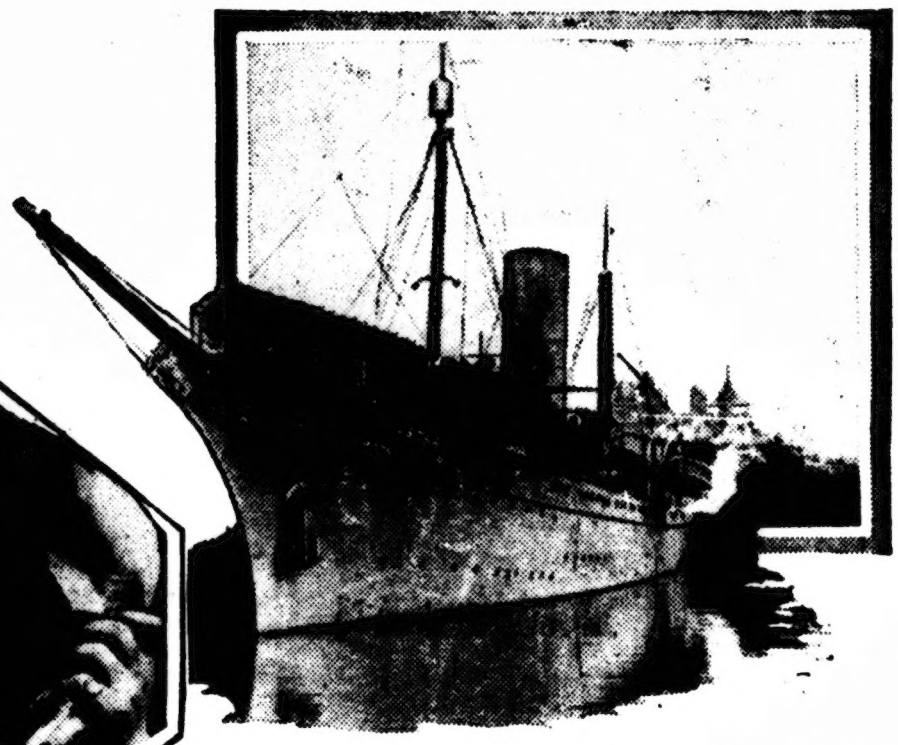
I must deprecate attacks on the doctrine of the Divine Right of Bureaucrats. It was once undisputed that "The King can do no wrong," and, translated into present-day language, this means that Whitehall can do no wrong.

I myself maintained this in giving evidence before the committee which is investigating the powers of Ministers.

When asked whether a mere citizen should have the right to appeal to a court of law upon a question of fact against a decision of a departmental tribunal, I replied, "No, certainly not."

Though the corridors of Whitehall may resound
To the noise of many axes being ground,
Each burgher owes a duty,
For England, home and beauty,
To fall in with the bureaucratic round.
No legal cherry need be bitten twice,
If citizens will hark to our advice:
We will act as judge and jury,
Headsman and avenging fury,
If our victims will consent to pay the price.
And those who with our rulings disagree,
And to the courts in angry protest flee,
Will quickly cease to grumble
When they've heard the tumbril rumble,
Full of traitors guilty of *lese-majeste!*

SHARK-SHIP'S NIGHTMARE CRUISE



The unlucky "Istar"

—Holding the jaws of a shark, a picture taken on board

WHAT has happened to the mystery yacht, s.s. *Istar*, which, after lying in the Thames for fifteen months or more, set out on a romantic voyage in the spring of last year?

What of the fate of the crew of between fifty and sixty men who went on that much-belated shark-fishing expedition in tropic waters?

Since she left, the shareholders of Marine Products, Ltd., which owned the *Istar*, have received no tidings as to her fate.

This silence is all the more disquieting since they have not had a fraction of the huge profits they were led to believe would be made from the curing of shark-skins and some twenty-five by-products that were to be handled in this specially-equipped vessel, under the direction of Dr. Alfred Ehrenreich, Ph.D., F.R.S. (Australia), F.R.G.S.

Another spring is nearly here, and the shareholders, who have nearly £100,000 invested in this scheme, are entitled to know how their ship has fared.

Their money was invested with rosy "estimates" of profits in the neighbourhood of 400 per cent., and we are afraid our revelations will come as a nasty shock.

The whole project was doomed to failure from the start.

A fog came up as she was leaving the Thames and made the *Istar* two days late in reaching Le Havre, where timber was to be shipped for the construction of huts at Madagascar, the proposed headquarters of the expedition.

The timber was eventually taken on board, and the adventurous voyage was resumed.

Slowly the *Istar* got to Algiers, where coal had been ordered in advance. There were further difficulties and delays, and only a portion of the coal could be shipped.

After various other troubles, during which supplies of coal and food practically gave out, the vessel got to Madagascar weeks overdue.

When an encampment had eventually been built, Dr. Ehrenreich took a number of the *Istar's* crew out in a motor-boat to give them some preliminary instruction in the art of catching sharks.

The motor broke down, and master and pupils alike spent thirty uncomfortable hours at sea.

A little later a motor-boat set out on a similar expedition and failed to return. Another boat was sent out to search for it, but itself broke down and drifted for days in shark-infested waters.

Stranded

The *Istar's* lifeboat then set out, and after scouring the seas, eventually found the missing boats, whose crews, by this time, were more dead than alive. They had been without food nearly all the time.

Despite all these difficulties, which every man on board did his utmost to overcome, successes were certainly made in their catches. Sharks were netted in abundance.

But things then went from bad to worse. Funds dwindled and supplies began to run dangerously low.

Finally, an SOS had to be sent to the South African Government authority in Durban.

For some time now the crew had had no wages, nor had their wives and families received the allotments they should have done.

And when the *Istar*, thanks to the assistance rendered by the authorities, finally got to Durban, Dr. Ehrenreich had to inform his gallant band of followers that he had no money with which to pay them their just dues.

Hard upon this sorry revelation came the seizure of the *Istar* for debt under the instructions of the South African authorities, so that the members of the expedition found themselves absolutely stranded, without money, six thousand miles from home.

They have since been brought home in various Union Castle liners as "distressed British seamen," arrangements having been made for them by the South African authorities in co-operation with the Marine Office of the Board of Trade at Southampton.

Another dash?

A more disastrous expedition can seldom have been known; yet Dr. Ehrenreich is himself in London once more and engaged in the task of trying to find fresh investors to put up money for recovering the seized *Istar* to launch a second expedition.

We hope his appeals will meet with no response, for it would be far more appropriate were he and his fellow-directors of Marine Products, Ltd., to issue a statement regarding the company's past record.

Marine Products, Ltd., was formed by a so-called "Trust," which, with a nominal capital of only £1,500, has just gone into liquidation with liabilities of £17,000.

Must be told

An examination of its affairs throws light on the inner finances of Marine Products, Ltd., the directors of which maintain such a discreet silence

It is clear that, of £112,000 raised by Marine Products, Ltd., at least £85,000 was swallowed up a full year before the *Istar* sailed

Of this, £15,000 went to the "Trust" in circumstanres which the auditors describe as irregular, while five months before the *Istar* commenced her perilous voyage debenture-holders had actually appointed a receiver in Marine Products, Ltd.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that we warned our readers not to invest money in Marine Products, Ltd., as far back as March, 1928.

In view of subsequent events, it is clear that the shareholders are entitled to a full explanation before any fresh capital is asked for.

COOKE'S TOO MANY

for the Garage Keepers

GARAGE proprietors should take note of the following fraud, which is at present being practised by an ingenious rascal who has already claimed several victims.

The manager of a big garage in the Paddington district of London received an urgent telephone-call the other day from a "Mr. J. T. Cooke," who said he was the managing director of the Hertford Taxi Company.

"Cooke" wished to acquire a motor-van at short notice, and said he would send a trusted representative straight away with the company's cheque.

* * *

A man arrived at the garage, made a thorough inspection of the motor-van, and handed over a cheque drawn on a country branch of a well-known bank, bearing the signature "J. T. Cooke."

He was then permitted to take away the van.

The cheque came back with the intimation that it was a forgery, and soon it became clear that "Cooke's" story was an entire fabrication.

"Cooke" has effectively covered up his tracks for the time being. Meanwhile it appears that he has succeeded in obtaining quite a number of vehicles by similar means.

He is not a newcomer in this field of crime

His real name is John Thomas William Coote and he has a shocking criminal record, which includes numerous sentences for fraud and larceny.

If garage proprietors will bear in mind these details they will help in capturing a dangerous rascal.

Monty Closes the "Book"

AN advertisement in a reputable financial newspaper brought together a Streatham man and a turf commission-agent named Leslie Montague Elliott, of Regent Street, London

In his office, Mr. Elliott unfolded original ideas for a big bookmaking business on get-rich-quick lines.

Then he came down to facts and figures, and offered a partnership for £100.

The applicant wisely asked for security, whereupon Mr. Leslie Montague Elliott laughingly promised to hand over his motor-car. Reassured, the Streatham man paid over his money.

But when he professed himself ready to commence work, Mr. Elliott told him that there would be nothing doing for a day or two.

So the investing partner reminded him about the car, but was met with the suave remark that it was under repair at the moment.

In this way the partner was kept at bay for several days. Then, one morning, he arrived at the Regent Street office to find it closed.

Mr. Elliott had departed, leaving his rent unpaid, so the investor hurried round to the garage where the car was supposed to be under repair.

There he learnt to his dismay that the vehicle had been seized by its owners because Mr. Elliott was in arrears with his instalments.

Mr. Montague Elliott has caught a number of investors in this way, and is notorious in shady racing circles, where he is familiarly known as "Monty Lewis."

Advertisement-managers should exercise the greatest possible vigilance, for "Monty" is almost sure to start advertising again before long.

THE NEW DAILY HERALD OUT ON MARCH 17

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE

7½d. PER OUNCE — 3¾d. PER HALF OUNCE

The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

WESTLAND TWEED SUITS

Made to Measure 5/- DOWN

Single-breasted suits of superfine Westland Tweed. In Grey and Brown Shades. Smartly cut and Well Tailored. Button three, no vent, lined strong black twill, double stitched seams. Trousers fashionably cut, permanent turn up bottoms. Write for patterns and self-measurement form to-day Terms: 5/-Deposit and 2/-weekly until 39/6 is paid. Superfine quality 50/-.—MEARE BROS. LTD., LANGPORT, SOMERSET. (Established over 100 years.)

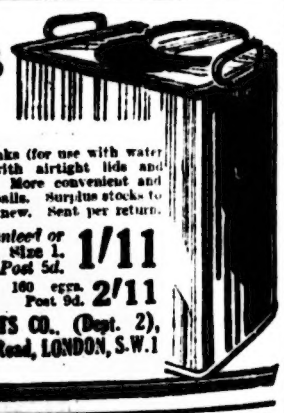
JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

I guarantee your satisfaction

BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY
JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED
Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

PRESERVE EGGS NOW



Strong metal air-tight Preserving Tanks (for use with water glass). Complete with airtight lids and handles for lifting. More convenient and more efficient than pails. Surplus stocks to be cleared. Brand new. Sent per return.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Size 1. *To hold 80 eggs. Post 5d.* **1/11**
Size 2. To hold 160 eggs. Post 9d. **2/11**

HASTINGS PATENTS CO., (Dept. 2), 121 & 122, Wilton Road, LONDON, S.W.1

Two Ladders in One

From 30/-

No Builder's, Painter's, Window-cleaner's or Householder's equipment is complete without handy, indispensable for-all-purposes

FORWARD PATENT SAFETY EXTENSION LADDERS.

Each 2 or 3-section ladder provides so many separate ladders. Strongly made, soon saves cost. Lightest, cheapest and safest on market.

Write for Free List XL 208.

Parker, Winder & Achurch, Ltd.
Woodworkers, BIRMINGHAM.

X.L.C. London: 4, Gt. Marlborough St., W.1.

BEDDING BALES FREE!

TWO BALES FOR 20/-
To every reader of "John Bull" who sends now full cash with order for our Wonderful 20/- Bedding Bale we are giving one Bedding Bale FREE.
APPROVAL OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Our 20/- Bale contains:
2 Heavy Woolly Blankets, whipped edges & bordered.
2 Fine Twill Sheets, English made, strongly woven, or
1 Heavy Floral Quilt, newest colourings.
1 Fine White Bolster Case.
2 Fine White Pillow Cases.
ALL FOR FULL-SIZE DOUBLE BEDS.

This FREE BALE is guaranteed same quality as 20/- Bale. One Alhambra Quilt, or Pair Woolly Blankets, Pair Fine Sheets, Pair Pillow Cases, or One Bolster Case.

ALL FOR 20/-
Carriage, etc., 2/6 extra.

HALF PRICE 20/- INCLUDING FREE BALE

2,000 pairs BLANKETS GIVEN FREE!

This week we will give one pair of Blankets FREE to all who order a pair of our White Woolly Blankets. Made from heavy yarn, with blue border, neatly overstitched. ALL FULL DOUBLE-BED SIZE. At 11/9 per pair these blankets are excellent value, but coupled with a FREE PAIR no greater bargain can possibly be obtained. Order NOW—Cash or C.O.D. Money refunded if not delighted.

11/9 Per Pair and ONE PAIR **FREE**

R. HAZELL & CO., (Dept. S), 3 & 8, Shepherd's Bush Green, London, W.12

HOUSEWIVES—lessen housework with the 'ELBIE' DUSTLESS DUSTER

1/-

This Duster collects dust (does not scatter it), leaves no lint, requires no shaking, polishes the article dusted. The "Elbie" Dustless Duster reduces labour of dusting by half, as well as exterminating all dust germs. After washing this unique duster is as good as new. Write to-day enclosing P.O. for 1/-, three for 2/10, six for 5/6 (post free prices), to the manufacturers:—
BATLEY & CO., Stockport.
Trade Enquiries Invited.

2/6 NOW! IS ALL YOU PAY

for my magnificent 3-SPEED "DE-LUXE" BICYCLE with oil bath gear case. Nothing more to pay for a month. All British. Astonishing bargain. EASY PAYMENTS 2/6 weekly —Packed Free and carriage Paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Other 1930 Bargains: Gents' Roadsters, Light Roadsters, Racers, Ladies' Models. Higher Price Machines. Models from £3 19s. 9d. cash. Complete with Free Accessories.

14 DAYS FREE TRIAL — ART LIST FREE

George King Dept. C.J.5 COVENTRY, LTD.

FLOOR COVERING 12 SQ. FT. 15/-

The NEW DAMP & ROTPROOF FELT BASE

Beautiful Enamel Finish Linoleum Effects. Suitable for all Floors, Tile, Turkey, Floral, Bedroom and Parquetry designs. Lies flat, requires no fastening. All rolls two yards wide. FREE SAMPLES of many beautiful designs in colour on receipt of a card.

J. ROLLS & CO., 66, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.

BIG JOB AGENCY to Avoid

THE operations of a firm known as Price, Davies and Company, of Walter House, Bedford Street, London, constitute in many ways a grave menace in the business world to-day.

Its influence extends all over the country, and its extensive circularisation and advertising campaign, in the most reputable newspapers, gives a falsely favourable impression.

Controlled by experts in almost every class of commerce, from company and partnership negotiations to estate and house agency work, including surveys, insurances and valuations, with special facilities for business sales, it seems on the surface to be a *bonâ-fide* concern.

As a rule, the advertisements of Price, Davies and Company stand out conspicuously in the Press, its name and address being always displayed in prominent type.

Many of the announcements offer lucrative directorships and other positions in companies that are spoken of in the highest terms, while some insist that only applicants of business acumen and high integrity will be considered.

As substantial cash investments are always demanded before such positions can be obtained, the combination of business acumen and high integrity should indisputably be on the side of Price, Davies and Company.

Advertisement lure

This, we say most emphatically, is far from being the case. Through these so-called "Partnership Negotiations," whose leading light is a Mr. Frederick Price, numerous people have lost sums aggregating thousands of pounds.

Some time ago a Walthamstow man who was unemployed, but who had saved something like £500, saw one of this firm's advertisements in a daily newspaper, offering a post as general manager in a City company.

Having seen several similar announcements during his search for a post, this man went to the Strand office of Price, Davies and Company, where he was granted a personal interview by Mr. Frederick Price.

Mr. Price assured his caller that he had an excellent opportunity to offer, and talked enthusiastically of a concern called Superseda Products, Ltd., which, he said, manufactured household cleansing commodities and other similar products of particular interest to motor-owners.

Mr. Price, whose manner was most impressive, added a personal touch by saying that he entertained the highest regard for the managing director of Superseda Products, Ltd., a certain Mr. F. B. Jones, whom he described as "a white man."

He later conducted the Walthamstow man to the headquarters of Superseda Products, Ltd., which consisted of well-appointed offices in Holborn Viaduct, where certain other companies, also conducted by Mr. Jones, were installed.

Mr. Jones proved even more eloquent than Mr. Price in extolling the virtues of the Superseda Products venture.

Finally, blinded by rhetoric, the Walthamstow man agreed to invest his savings of £500 to become general manager under Mr. Jones.

An agreement was drawn up by Mr. Frederick Price in the Strand office in the presence of both parties.

Under its terms the investor was to be given a three years' appointment, carrying a salary of £6 a week, plus director's fees and a share of the profits.

Kicking his heels

A consoling clause in the agreement stipulated that the investor must first of all give an option to Superseda Products to re-purchase his shares should he desire to resign.

What happened after this agreement had been drawn up and witnessed by the helpful Mr. Price, and the £500 had changed hands?

For six weeks the newly-appointed director drew his salary regularly, but found little or nothing to do. Then his salary suddenly ceased, and he has been left in the air ever since.

All he has to show to-day as a result of this transaction is a receipt for his £500, signed by F. Price—and from which he drew his commission—and a worthless share certificate in Superseda Products, Ltd.

The soldier is Sir George Manners, and below him Sir Frank Nelson, who were dissatisfied and resigned from one of the companies mentioned here. Bewigged Mr. Percival Clarke, Senior Treasury Counsel, who prosecuted Jones

A Business Lawyers Know Nothing About!

What does Mr. Frederick Price think of this "introduction," in view of the fact that Mr. Jones, who has duped the public over a long period, was recently sent to prison for obtaining more than £3,000 in frauds which the judge characterised as "particularly cruel"?

If the Walthamstow man's experience with Price, Davies and Company stood alone it would be sufficient to justify strong condemnation of its methods of business.

But the truth is that this firm was responsible for introducing at least six victims to Mr. Jones.

Nor is that all.

Two men whose arrest we recently demanded for running an employment-with-investment swindle, secured thousands of pounds before finally absconding. We have now discovered that some of the investors were introduced by the helpful firm of Price, Davies and Company.

Solicitors are so slow!

Their business was entirely bogus, as the slightest enquiry on the part of Price, Davies and Company would have proved. A warrant is now outstanding for their arrest on a series of grave charges.

The conduct of Price, Davies and Company in the case of one client, whom they introduced to these rogues, but who wanted to consult a solicitor before committing himself, shows the firm in its real colours.

The firm wrote a letter making it quite obvious that it wished to steer clear of solicitors, "as it is part and parcel of their business to make all business investment a lengthy job."

It added, however, that Messrs. Price, Davies and Company had been established for nine years, and possessed its own lawyer, "an 'honours' man, working in conjunction with us, who would be pleased to vouch for the integrity of both of these men."

"Working in conjunction with us" is good—particularly since the letter added that the word of the firm was as good as any solicitor's because "solicitors do not know our business."

Would Mr. Price himself care to vouch for the integrity of these absconding rogues now?

Wyatt-Digby again

But let us turn to other dubious facts.

Price, Davies and Company recently advertised for investor-employees on behalf of a firm called World's Gardens (Parent Company), Ltd.

Behind this venture is a notorious financier named Wyatt-Digby, an ex-solicitor, who was years ago struck off the rolls and whose subsequent company exploits have been redolent with imposture.

World's Gardens (Parent Company), Ltd., is mainly the outcome of the difficulties of another concern called Direct Produce (London), Ltd., the directors of which, including Sir George Manners, D.L., J.P., and Sir Frank Nelson, resigned long ago because they were dissatisfied with the way certain matters had been dealt with.

Although Price, Davies and Company strongly recommend this further proposition, its prospects are not at all as represented, and several investor-employees are already seeking to obtain the return of their money.

All kinds of other propositions which Price, Davies and Company have latterly boosted have not stood the test of expert enquiry into their affairs when clients have been wise enough to go elsewhere for advice.

That is why we emphatically label it as a menacing firm, whose constantly changing lures should be resolutely shunned.

That TERRIBLE BOY!

CECIL COLLING, a fatherless child of nine, has just been condemned by the Plymouth magistrates to spend the next seven years of his life in an industrial school at Exminster.

Cecil's offence—if such it can be called—was that he was involved with a boy three years his senior in attempting to pilfer a shilling slab of chocolate from a sweetshop.

His mother gave him a halfpenny to spend, and the chocolate was taken by the older boy on the impulse of the moment. Both children ran away, but were speedily overtaken.

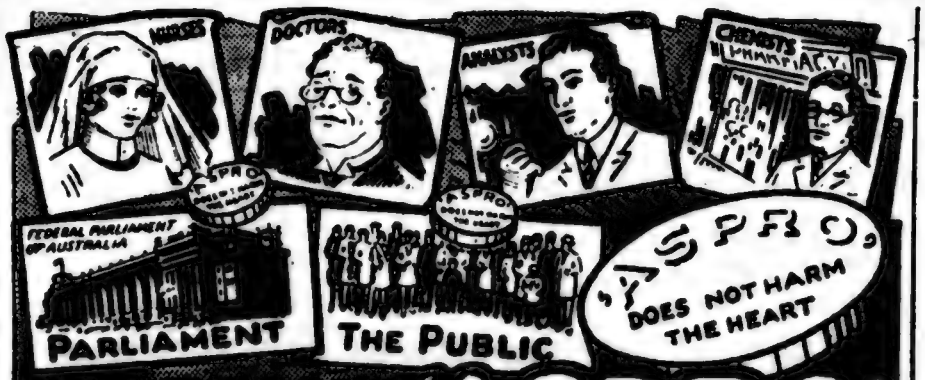
We can think of a dozen ways of correcting children who have run off the rails, but no good purpose can possibly be served by taking them from their homes in this way.

Cecil's portrait is reproduced on this page, and his is not the face of a budding criminal. It has all the appearance of the normal lad, with no more than the average spice of naughtiness.

It is true that he had been previously bound over for a similar lapse; but can a child of such tender years be deemed an "old offender"?

Cecil, as we say, is nine. Let him be given the choice of a whipping or the industrial school, and also hear what his widowed mother has to say about it.

Many a "bad boy" has grown up into a famous man, and we don't suppose that the people of Plymouth will be perturbed by this young "desperado" being at large again.



ALL PRAISE 'ASPRO'

The Worlds Master Medicine FOR

COLDS, 'FLU & RHEUMATISM

Two or three 'ASPRO' tablets will smash up an influenza or cold attack in one night, so be sure to keep a packet of 'ASPRO' handy in the house. Also—the proof given of the value of 'ASPRO' for rheumatism stamps 'ASPRO' as the quickest-acting, safest and most efficient remedy ever given to the civilised world for this complaint. You cannot have ACHES—PAINS—COLDS—INFLUENZA—and 'ASPRO' too, so be sure you purchase a packet now to guard against these ills. 'ASPRO' SOOTHES, it does not drug—it creates no craving—leaves no harmful after-effects—does not affect the heart—a child can take it. It is the universal medicine of two hemispheres, eulogised by doctors and nurses, etc.—PROCLAIMED A NECESSARY COMMODITY BY THE AUSTRALIAN PARLIAMENT DURING AN INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

READ THIS LIVING TESTIMONY.

DOCTORS ASK NURSE FOR 'ASPRO'

Great Baddow, Essex.

Dear Sirs,

I am a fully trained Nurse and nothing I have tried comes up to 'ASPRO.' More than once when I have been out to a case I have had Doctors say to me "Get an 'ASPRO'? My head does ache." I am never without it in my bag. Everyone I meet is complaining of head owing to the wind. I give them two 'ASPRO' tablets.

Faithfully yours, (Signed) F. A. S.

INCESSANT SNEEZING AND 'FLU STOPPED BY 'ASPRO'

21, Bushberry Road, Homerton, E.9.

Dear Sir,

I feel duty bound to express my gratitude for the wonderful benefit I have derived by taking 'ASPRO,' especially relating to influenza head colds, etc.

Two years ago I left work with a high temperature, also pains down my back and thighs. I took three 'ASPRO' tablets on reaching home, taking three more on going to bed washed down with a hot glass of lemon water. To my astonishment on waking next morning after a most refreshing sleep I was my normal self and able to resume work.

Last year I had a similar attack with the same result. Now only this week (Tuesday) I was seized with incessant sneezing, with resultant running of the nose, and every indication of a bad attack of 'Flu.

Resorting to 'ASPRO' again and adopting the same method as above I was AGAIN relieved in one night. I thought the first two cases mentioned were just coincidence, but surely the third time proves beyond all doubt their marvellous powers.

Yours truly, (Signed) T. TROLLOPE.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO.'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is: Children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, one tablet; 14 to 16 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

PER PACKET

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6

WHAT THE CHEMIST ADVISED

Oake Terrace, Oake, Nr. Taunton, Somerset.

Dear Sirs,—This is not meant as an advertising boost, it is written solely as an aid to any sufferers who may be suffering as I was. I suffered for three days with agonizing neuralgia pains in my head: the third day I had to cycle (motor) from Sussex to Somerset. At Winchester I felt I must really give up, my head was so dizzy. I walked into a Chemist's shop and was advised to rest. "Take these tablets and drink this" I rested there for half an hour and began to feel better. I asked to be supplied with a quantity of the tablets I had taken. The tablets I received were 'ASPRO.' I continued my journey and after a few miles the pains had completely gone, and from that day, 6/4/27, they have never returned.

If any of my friends mention a headache I never recommend anything, I give him one of the 'ASPRO' I always carry.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) H. J. MEAR.

'ASPRO' USES

1. 'ASPRO' stops violent headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
2. It brings sweet sleep to the sleepless.
3. It relieves rheumatism in one night.
4. It relieves children's growing pains.
5. It saves many a sound tooth by removing toothache.
6. It brings relief without causing sickness, indigestion, or a craving.
7. It stops pain without harming the heart.
8. It soothes away irritability
9. A hot lemon drink and two or three 'ASPRO' Tablets will smash up a Cold or 'Flu attack in one night.
10. It reduces temperature in a few minutes.
11. It can be taken any time, in Tram, Train, at Home, at Business—anywhere—everywhere.
12. It is so safe a child can take it.
13. It is the greatest help for women every little while ever known.
14. It stops the ill after-effects of alcohol.
15. It relieves Malaria by reducing the fever.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. Ltd. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: Slough 668.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

MADE BY ASPRO LTD., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES INCLUDING BOOTS, TAYLORS, TIMOTHY WHITES, SQUIRES, NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

KOTALKO

TRUE HAIR-GROWER

Are you losing hair? Becoming BALD perhaps? Have you thin, dry or scanty hair, or dandruff?

Complete New Growth.

Nr. Nuneaton.

I had no hair on my head at all, not a single hair. At the General Hospital they said I should never have another hair as long as I lived. A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this.

Seeing how many had got new hair by using Kotalko Treatment, I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap and used them for a few minutes every day. **The new hair soon began to grow,** and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say. I now have a **complete new growth of hair in natural colour** after having been perfectly bald.

James Bindley.

Big Bald Patch.

Bedlington.

My husband's head was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup, on which there was not a single hair.

We had spent pounds in trying to get this condition different and even our doctor had given up all hope.

We were recommended to send for Kotalko and it was the **best investment we have ever made.**

We are sending you a photograph showing the condition of my husband's head now, by which you will see that we have much to be thankful for and we **shall never fail to recommend Kotalko.**

W. Jobson.

Friends Astonished.

Nr. Alfriston.

I had lost all my hair. It began to fall out in patches, and within a very short time **I was completely bald.**

Seeing Kotalko advertised, I decided to try it, for although I had been using an ointment given to me by the doctor, no progress was evident.

The **action of Kotalko was marvellous,** for before many weeks had passed I was once more the possessor of a head of lovely, wavy hair.

All our friends are astonished with the **new growth.**

C. Bennett.

Do Not Despair, But Try Kotalko.

MANY who had given up hope after using numerous remedies without results are now happy in possessing fine heads of hair through the use of Kotalko.

The originals of all these letters and photographs are on file. They are but a few of the thousands of letters of recommendations and praise for Kotalko, the True Hair Grower, in which customers testify to the following benefits:

New hair on bald heads.
Scurf removed.
Falling hair stopped.
New hair on thin places.
Scalp supple and comfortable.
New life in the hair.
Lustrous, glossy appearance.
Thicker and longer growth.
New growth on bald patches.
New growth where hair was lost through burns or X-ray treatment.

100,000 TEST BOXES.

Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send for a test box at once. A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made. To obtain a box it is only necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

Send or Copy this COUPON.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

J. H. BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy St. (53PR), LONDON, W.

PSORIASIS

Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

GOOD VALUE

INVALID CARRIAGES

HAND PROPELLED, ALSO MOTOR & ELECTRIC
CARRIAGE PAID
ON APPROVAL

SEE and TEST any Gordon Model AT HOME before buying. Folding Bath Chairs from 35/- carr. Paid.
Cash or Easy Terms.
LIST FREE.

GORDON HENRY STREET, BATH

A Two-sided RECORD

THE "readers' bargain" column of a well-known newspaper recently contained the following advertisement:

"Gramophone and Records, handsome figured mahogany pedestal, 20 gns. model, new this year, perfect condition, accept 7 gns., guaranteed.—Suffolk Lodge, 48, Maida Vale, W.9. 'Phone 2102."

A similar announcement had previously appeared giving an address at Hyde Park Square Mews, London, and stating that owner was going abroad. Replies to enquirers to both these advertisements were in the same handwriting.

Behind this strange fact is the story of a barefaced ramp which has been successfully worked through newspaper advertisement for some years.

Printed lies

The leading spirit in this enterprise is a Mrs. Butcher, who operates from the Maida Vale address.

We understand that she and her late husband were connected with the notorious Aubert Park advertising many years ago, and by means of their lying private-seller announcements peoplewere deluded into buying shoddy, imported gramophones and pianos.

Associated with her is a person named "H. Delgarde," of 69, St. Paul's Avenue, Cricklewood, over whose name and address advertisements similar to that quoted above have also appeared.

Letters sent to "H. Delgarde" at Cricklewood are sometimes replied to by "L. Butcher" from Maida Vale.

At Somerset House it was found that "H. Delgarde" was the registered business trading name of Sydney Elliott William Purden, who signed as "Sydney Purden."

By a strange concidence, we find that at the Old Bailey in 1912 one Ronald McPherson, known as Sydney Purdon, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for fraud.

One of the charges concerned the following advertisement:

"Gramophone, £12 12s., 1911 hornless model; going to India to get married.—Marjorie Fitzgerald, 19, Deanery Road, Stratford."

"Marjorie Fitzgerald" was "Sydney Purden."

So straightforward

One of "Marjorie's" letters was read in evidence. It contained the phrase, "*I think quite fair to both, don't you?*"

Eighteen years later—on January 12 last—"H. Delgarde" writes to a Kent enquirer:

"I will send on approval, and should same be unsatisfactory you can return. *I think quite fair to both, don't you?*"

H. Delgarde is none other than Sydney Purden, and we think it strange, to say the least, that he should use exactly the same peculiar phraseology as the Sydney Purdon sentenced in 1912.

We are further informed that a man known as Ronald McPherson assisted Mrs. Butcher in running a business named the Gramophone Manufacturing Company, which after a chequered history became defunct four years ago.

The advertisements of this precious pair have been appearing with regularity up to quite recently.

One of the latest "readers' bargains" from Maida Vale concerned the contents of a flat, showing that they are embarking on wider fields.

We trust that our readers will keep clear of any announcements of a like nature and origin as those quoted.

Home Wizard's PHANTOM VILLAGE

Lord Aberconway, chairman of the Metropolitan Railway, will note what use was made of his company's plan

THE new Companies Act and certain recent events in the City have between them put a temporary check on the activities of the fraudulent share-pusher. New methods for gulling the small investor have, however, been adopted.

One of the worst of the fresh devices which have been under my recent observation is represented by seductive offers to people with limited capital to invest it in co-operative land and property development schemes, garnished with promises of quick and rich profits.

Particularly must I give cautionary advice regarding a concern calling itself the Forbbs Construction Company, of 16, Whitecross Place, Finsbury, London, E.C., whose advertisements, I am surprised to observe, have been accepted by some leading daily journals.

The artlessness of the Forbbs Company would almost disarm criticism but for certain serious false representations which are made to possible investors.

Within the grained crocodile covers of a brochure issued by the company there is an outline of a vague plan by which investors of from £25 to £937 will earn 50 per cent. by co-operating in the acquisition of land for building on unnamed estates in Middlesex, Surrey, Kent and Essex.

Not on the plan

The Forbbs Construction Company gives an assurance, however, that the phantom land and developments can be inspected at any time, and, consequently, investors can note their security "increasing from day to day as the houses grow from footings upwards."

With other literature, the company is sending out a blue-print of a plan of ground near Pinner.

It is labelled "Forbbs Estate," contains the information that 200 fast trains run daily to the City and West End, and denotes the positions of a proposed housing-estate, recreation-ground, school and church.

Tucked away in a corner of the print is the information that the company is paying £5 per foot of frontage to the Metropolitan Railway.

This is not the Forbbs Estate, and neither the company nor anyone associated with it is paying a penny piece to the Metropolitan Railway, which is the owner of the land.

The site is actually that of the new Harrow Garden Village, and the blue-print has, I find, been photographically reproduced from a plan of that village which Forbbs borrowed from the Metropolitan Railway.

One-man affair

Only one person comprises the Forbbs Construction Company. His name is Joseph Haines Stiles, and in registering the business a few months ago he gave as his usual residence an address in New Oxford Street.

This is another falsehood, because the address is that of a newsagent's shop, where he has an arrangement to receive letters.

I have some knowledge of Joseph Haines Stiles, as J. H. Stiles and Co. and Stiles and Eburne, Ltd., operating in worthless shares from addresses in Portugal Street, W.C., and George Street, N.W.

One comic proposition he played with was in connection with the finance of a company described as Bloom Lake Matachewan Mines, Ltd. (Canada).

He was then suggesting profits of more than £300 on investments of £10 in "unique properties situated in the very heart of the gold and silver fields."

Another dubious enterprise on which he embarked was the disposal of 10,000 shares of Ontario Iron Ores, Ltd., the bulk of which was allotted for purchase at a special discount by holders of shares of New Nakuman Coals, Gas and Petroleum, Ltd.

New Nakuman was a recent reincarnation of a wild cat which was first let loose among small investors so far back as 1913.

Grotesque absurdity, and worse, distinguished another ramp by Stiles.

It was called a sound home-building business, and concerned a £50,000 company named Portsmouth Enterprises, Ltd., formed to acquire the "exceptionnal assets" of Mr. Walter Daniels, a successful builder of Southsea.

Stiles' part in this promotion was to find a flotation fund of £1,000 and to offer three preference shares in exchange for each £2 subscribed.

They little knew

The company opened its income account with a cheque for £100 and closed down in three months with a debit of 5s. 6d.

The fact that properties had been mortgaged before the business was turned into a company was suppressed when people were being induced to subscribe for debentures, and Daniels went to prison for nine months.

As an estates creator, Stiles certainly should be avoided.

***Weekly Informations from* SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS**

—AND THEY *Blamed the Babe!*

MR. LEES SMITH, the Postmaster-General, is a stickler for principles, and he revels in the slightest opportunity to establish one.

We think he went too far in this direction the other day when, in his official capacity, he was plaintiff in an action for damages at Chelmsford Assize.

The defendant was Mr. A. W. Larcombe, who carried on a small garage business at Margaretting, Essex.

Some years ago the Post Office placed telegraph-wires over Mr. Larcombe's garage. To obtain facilities of this kind, the Department uses compulsory statutory power, and does not pay rent, wayleave, or the like.

The span of wires over the garage was considerably longer than the usual span, and the wires, in consequence, sagged to 4 ft. above the roof.

* * *

Recently a boy assistant at the garage was cleaning a motor-car engine with petrol. Owing either to an electric spark from the car or a spark from a steam-engine which passed the garage-door, the spirit was set alight and the garage caught on fire.

Flames reached and severed the telegraph-wires overhead. This, somehow, caused forty miles of wire to sag, and the weight pulled twenty-three telegraph-poles out of the vertical.

The cost of repairing the damage was £100, and the P.M.G. sued the garage-owner for this sum.

He held that Mr. Larcombe had been guilty of negligence because the use of petrol for cleaning is prohibited by the Locomotives Act.

* * *

This Act is forty-four years old, and was passed before the modern motor-car was invented.

Expert witnesses declared that they were unaware of this old regulation, and that dismantled motor-car engines must be cleaned with petrol.

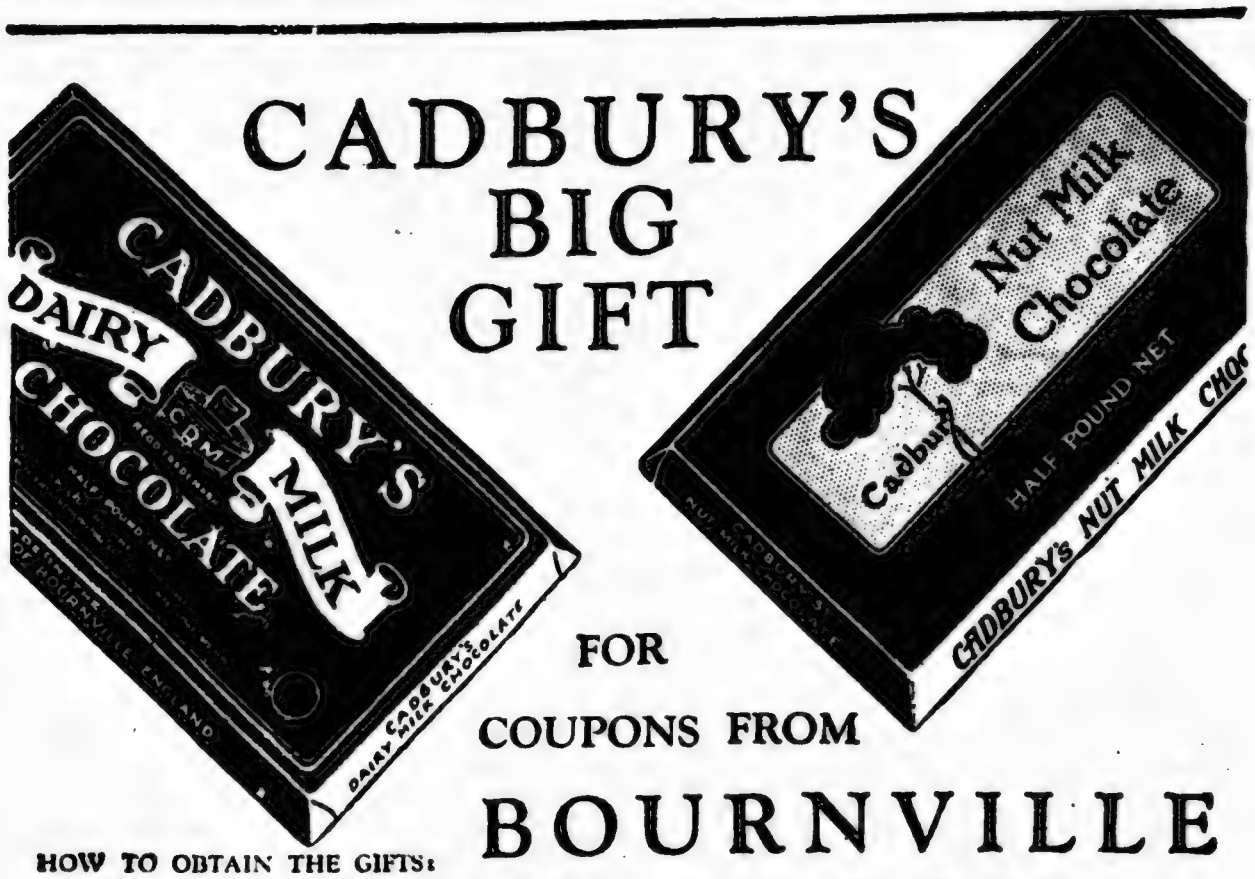
The P.M.G. failed to prove negligence. The jury disagreed.

Counsel for the garage proprietor agreed at once to accept a majority verdict, but the P.M.G.'s counsel refused. A new trial is, therefore, necessary.

Hundreds of pounds of the taxpayers' money have already been spent on this astonishing litigation.

There appears to be every reason why the House of Commons should question both the cost of the first action and any further expenditure on a new trial.

CADBURY'S BIG GIFT



FOR

COUPONS FROM

BOURNVILLE COCOA

HOW TO OBTAIN THE GIFTS:
Attach the required number of Coupons to the form below and post in a 1½d. stamped envelope to: GIFT DEPT., CADBURY, BOURNVILLE.

CUT ALONG THIS LINE

IMPORTANT
Place X in circle against gift required.

67 MAR/30

FOR 16 RED OR PINK COUPONS

○ ½-lb. Cadbury's Milk Chocolate and ½-lb. Cadbury's Nut Milk Chocolate
OR
○ ½-lb. Bournville Chocolate and ½-lb. Bournville Fruit and Nut Chocolate

FOR 20 RED OR PINK COUPONS

○ ½-lb. Cadbury's King George Chocolates
OR
○ 1-lb. Cadbury's Milk Tray Chocolates

IMPORTANT NOTICE—Only above advertised packings can be supplied.

This offer applies to the United Kingdom and Irish Free State only.

Full Name and Address (including County) IN BLOCK LETTERS

See the name Cadbury on every piece of chocolate

To "John Bull" Readers.

YOU CAN NOW enjoy the comfort and beauty of the World's Most Famous Floor Covering.

CATESBYS CORK LINO 4 yds. by 3 yds. for

6/- only with order and your promise to make five monthly payments of 6/- and one final payment of 4/6. Place your order NOW and make your home cosy and pretty.

For Details and Terms of other Sizes, see Pattern Book.

NO DEPOSIT, NO REFERENCE, NO SECURITY, NO RENT BOOK

requested for this size if you are a householder in England or Wales, and goods will be sent at once, carriage paid, on receipt of order and first payment. *Satisfaction Guaranteed, or your money refunded without delay.* Fill in the coupon below for a fine set of patterns, sample pieces, and full particulars about Cash and Easy Terms prices.

To CATESBYS Ltd., London, W.1.
Please send me, post free, your Coloured Book of Cork Lino designs.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

K19.....

CATESBYS LTD (Dept. K19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1

Don't Wear a Truss!

BROOKS Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draw the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting.

We make it to your measure, and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded, and we have put our price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember, we make it to your order—

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who since has since benefited thousands. If ruptured write to-day,

send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to us, and we will refund your money.

That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold to thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies, no fakes. We just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

If in Manchester or London, call at our show rooms. Experienced and capable fitters for ladies or gentlemen. Special attention given to children. Lady nurses always in attendance at both.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON.
Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd.
(468 M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(468 M), 274, Deansgate, Manchester.
Please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your Illustrated Book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of Rupture.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
(Please write plainly).

Post the coupon to London or Manchester whichever you prefer.

A WIRELESS WONDER

The **"KING" SCREENED 3**

10/- DOWN SECURES THIS REMARKABLE SET - COMPLETE WITH ALL ACCESSORIES

SELECTIVE AND SIMPLE TO OPERATE.

This magnificent and fully-tested **3-VALVE SCREENED GRID SET** brings to you with marvellous Purity and Volume the pick of the main British and Continental Stations. Specially designed to meet the Selective requirements of the new Regional Transmitters. Handsome **SOLID OAK CABINET** and **LOUD-SPEAKER** of **SUPERB TONE** to match. **SLOW-MOTION TUNING DIALS. BULLARD** or **COSSOR NEW PROGRESS VALVES.** No coil changing. **COMPLETE** with **ACCUMULATOR** and **HIGH-TENSION BATTERY** of exceptional capacity, **GRID BIAS BATTERY,** and complete **AERIAL EQUIPMENT.** Full Instructions. Easy Terms to suit you. Write Now for Free Art Catalogue, also particulars of my wonderful **3-VALVE SET.**

GEORGE KING, Dept. W.J.B., **COVENTRY, LTD.**

VAPEX INHALANT

quickly and safely ends the discomfort and danger of a cold in the head. Breathe the germicidal vapour from your handkerchief

First thing every morning put a drop of "Vapex" on your handkerchief.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

V.49. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

Asthma Bronchitis Catarrh and Whooping Cough

The moment you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure that maddening cough stops. The relief is immediate and extraordinary. Entirely free from opiates and does not cause headache. It is *wonderful for the Bronchitis of Children.* Of all Chemists 1/6, or direct post free 1/9. Get it to-day.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Send for Free Trial

of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes, together with booklet "Are you Asthmatic?" which will be forwarded to all who write mentioning this paper and enclosing 2d. stamps. Address:—Potter & Clarke Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

"The rebel of yesterday . . . the Immortal of to-day"

MRS. PANKHURST'S Disappointed Ghost

by A. G. GARDINER

Miss Christabel Pankhurst fought by her mother's side

In the circle: "Women who screamed and scratched," a familiar scene in the days of the crusade

THERE is a fine saying to the effect that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." It means, among other things, that the heresy of to-day may be the creed of to-morrow.

You may be reminded of this saying to-day if your steps carry you past the Houses of Parliament to the Embankment Gardens at Millbank.

For there you will see such a strange sight that if you had dreamed it twenty-five years ago you would have wakened yourself by your laughter at the surprising joke.

For twenty-five years ago Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst and her daughters were just setting out on that astonishing crusade of "Votes for Women," and all the country was ringing with the mingled laughter and indignation it aroused.

Screaming, scratching

It secured the most frenzied happening the world had ever seen. Impossible that this stable old country would be stampeded by a horde of Amazons.

Impossible that John Bull should surrender to women who screamed and scratched, broke up meetings, burned down houses, tied themselves to the door-knockers of Downing Street, assaulted elderly Prime Ministers on the golf-links, armed themselves with hatchets, and generally swept the country like wild dervishes from the desert.

So we put them in prison, and when they starved themselves we forcibly fed them. But the crusade was not crushed. It gathered momentum, it increased in violence. Then came the war, and . . .

Well, to-day (Thursday), Mr. Stanley Baldwin, ex-Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party, will unveil, in the presence of all the solemn notabilities of the land, a monument erected under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament to Emmeline Pankhurst, in commemoration of the most remarkable victory ever won by a woman in the history of this country.

Time's revenges have never recorded a more spectacular revenge than this.

And on the day that witnesses so unprecedented an act of penance, and sees the rebel of yesterday acclaimed as the Immortal of to-day, we may not unprofitably ask what have been the fruits of that astonishing episode.

Has the emancipation of women fulfilled the fears of those who opposed it or the hopes of those who achieved it? Or has it done both? Or, finally, has it done neither one nor the other, but left us much as we were before the victory was won?

If I ask myself whether Parliament itself has gained from the admission of women to the House, I find myself inclining to the affirmative.

It made Parliament representative of the nation in a sense that it could not be while one half the nation was unrepresented, either by vote or presence, on the wholly irrelevant ground of sex.

There was never any rational basis for limiting the rights of citizenship to one sex, and even if Parliament had suffered by the change, we could not conceive a reversion to the old exclusion.

Parliament without women to-day is unthinkable.

But Parliament has not suffered by the change. It has benefited.

The women have brought new interests and new points of view into the discussions of the House, and I think it will be generally conceded that, on the average, their Parliamentary gifts are not inferior to those of men.

I should even venture the opinion that they are above the average of men—mainly because it is only women of exceptional capacity and women who have a real flair for public affairs who desire to secure election.

When it comes to the question of the Parliamentary institution as a system of government, I am less convinced that the change has been for the good. The prestige of Parliamentary government has not risen since women had the vote. It has fallen.

Two a penny

I do not suggest that it is votes for women that have lowered it. The war and its consequences have done that, and the decline is not confined to this country.

No one who studies the portents can fail to see a growing distrust of democracy as an instrument of government, both here and in France.

It only needs a first-class crisis in either country to bring the latent forces of Fascism and Sovietism into a clash for power.

If votes for women have had any part in this decline of Parliamentary prestige, it is only as a phase of the general cheapening of the vote.

The franchise is very like money. We have scattered the vote with such a prodigal hand that the currency is so inflated that it is hardly worth going to the polling-booth to cash it.

Power has passed to the hands of boys and girls, and Parliament is becoming merely an instrument for looting the national treasury.

That is not the fault of Mrs. Pankhurst. She fought not for the dilution of the franchise, but for the equality of the sexes.

But it was her victory that led to the stampede which culminated in votes for everybody at twenty-one, and has handed over Parliament to the most irresponsible electorate that has existed since the days of the pocket boroughs and the faggot-voters.

Yet if the collateral effects of her agitation upon the Parliamentary system are equivocal, no such doubt applies to the wider results of the agitation. The political emancipation of women was only a means to an end.

Fanatic's "sesame"

That end was the change of the whole status of women in human society. Mrs. Pankhurst did not initiate this idea.

Countless men and women had toiled for it before her; but it was her fanatical fury, coupled with the convulsion of the war, that stormed the last battlements of the male prerogative.

To-day sex equality is won in every walk in life. There is no door, except that of the Established Church, which is closed to women.

They have established their footing in trade, in the professions, in the universities, and in all the social activities of life.

In some directions, notably that of medicine, they have not only won their freedom, but their spurs. In others, notably that of the law, they have so far conspicuously failed to make good.

It is too early yet to estimate how far they will go in the higher activities of life, but in the callings which demand force and sustained energy it is pretty clear that they will not seriously challenge the dominance of the other sex.

But the important thing is not that they should be the equals of men in power, but that they should have equality of opportunity with men for the exercise of the gifts with which nature has equipped them. The denial of that opportunity condemned them to a status of serfdom.

That status has passed.

The emancipation of women is the greatest social and political achievement of our time, and the woman whose name best symbolises that achievement deserves enduring memorial hard by the Parliament that, like a Joan of Arc, she carried by storm for her disinherited sex.

Homely Wisdom—by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

AFTER DEATH—*What?*

MR. SYDNEY DARK'S recent article with the above title does not quite answer the question that is in most people's minds with regard to this very serious subject.

He tells us, what is undoubtedly true, that a great deal of uncertainty prevails to-day as to whether there is an after-life at all.

Many people do not desire it, and not a few believe that when we die we become absolutely extinct, like the blown-out flame of a lamp.

Mr. Dark holds that this loss of confident belief in the immortality of the soul is due to over-rationalising in religion, and reminds us that the ancient Church which refuses to water down its creed is the one whose members are firmest in their faith that life does not end at the grave.

I think he is mistaken in this view. It is not rigid doctrines about heaven or hell that keep people loyal to belief in immortality, but actual experience of the goodness and love of God.

The great strength of the Church to which Mr. Dark alludes is that it is not afraid of emphasising the supernatural. To live day by day in habitual communion with the living God carries with it assurance that this is a relationship which cannot perish.

Life is like an unfinished symphony. It is full of magnificent and glorious things and also of painful discords. If it has any meaning at all, there must be a higher life to resolve the discords and complete the harmony. God would not be God if this were not true.

H. G. Wells speaks somewhere of the waste of sorrow that has no comfort, the sorrow of a mourner beside an open grave.

There is plenty of sorrow of that kind, and its very existence is a cry to heaven that the fair promise of earthly life at its best must somehow receive fulfilment.

For it is precisely what is best and highest in us that grieves when love is bereaved or we are robbed of the heart's most precious treasure.

THE very fact that it is what is best and highest in us that longs for reunion with those "loved long since and lose awhile" is, to my mind, proof that the longing shall be satisfied. The universe is built on those lines.

After death life goes on—and up. We carry forward what we are and build on that, a finer and more enduring fabric for the vast spaces of eternity.

Nothing shall be missing there that is needful for the perfecting of life; and the most needful of all is the perfecting of love.

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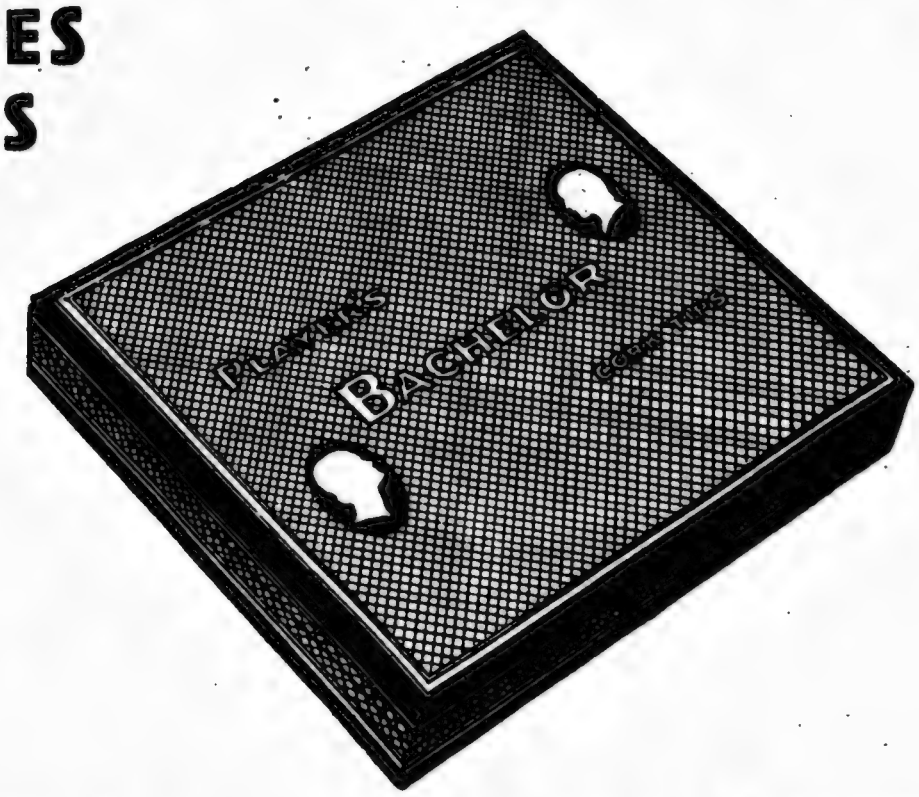

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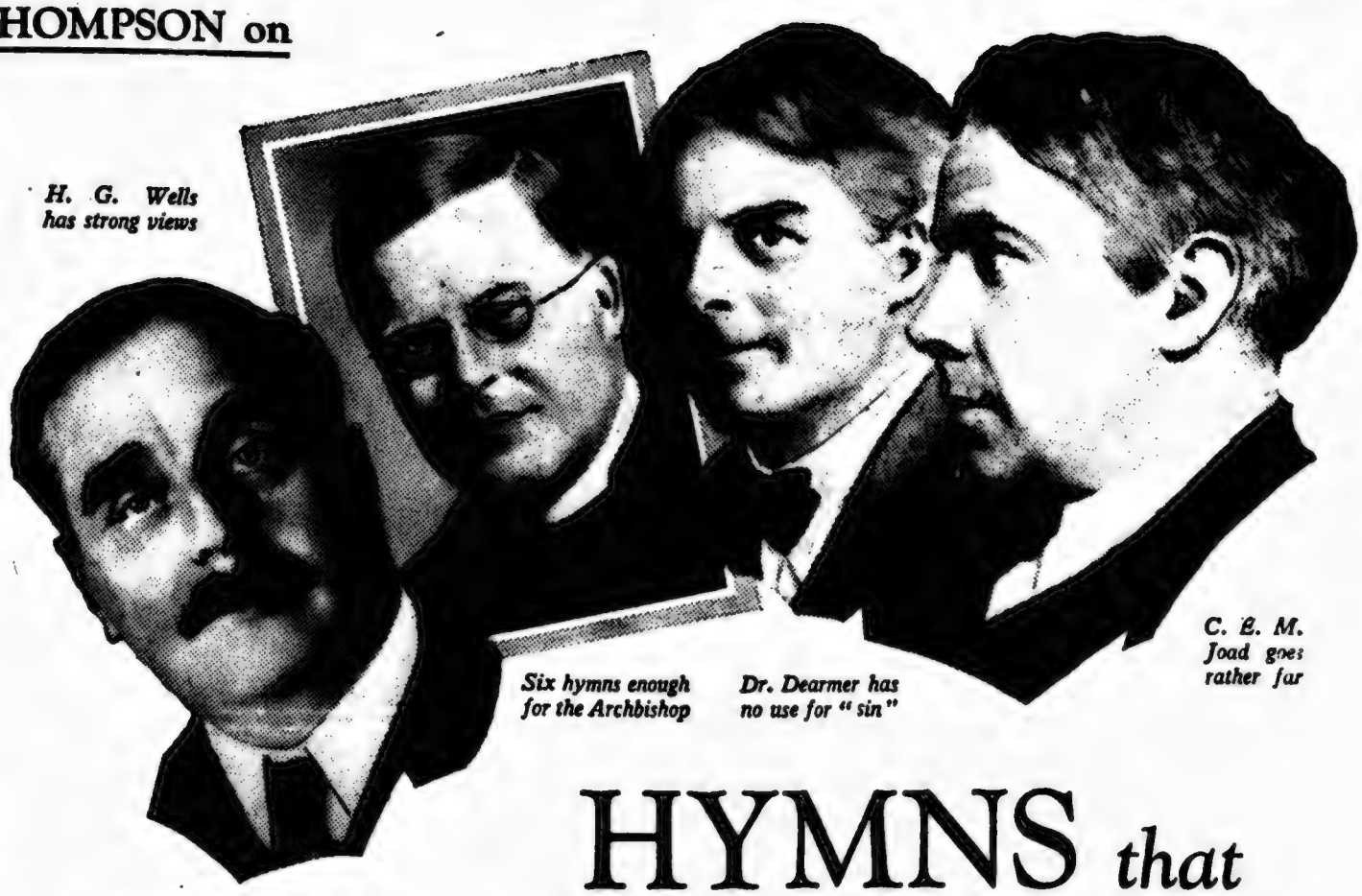
H. G. Wells has strong views

Six hymns enough for the Archbishop

Dr. Dearmer has no use for "sin"

C. E. M. Joad goes rather far

HYMNS *that must be* SCRAPPED

ONCE—and not so very long ago either—people used to sing solemnly in church:

"The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate."

If you look in the hymn-book you will still find that verse; but I don't think they sing it now. If I remember aright, public opinion was too strong for empty dogma a short time ago, and whenever that particular hymn is sung now that verse is omitted.

Can you wonder? I don't see how even the blindest fanatic can pretend that God had anything to do with Hatry's millions, or that poverty and disease are the beneficent orderings of an all-wise Providence.

Worm-eaten

I often wonder how much of the extraordinary shrinkage in church attendance is due to the doleful stuff that congregations are asked to sing.

Who can really sing "Have mercy on us, worms of earth," and take it seriously? Or who can feel cheerful and uplifted, ready to face anew the worries of daily life, after singing:

"The solemn midnight cry,
Ye dead, the Judge is come!
Arise, and meet him in the sky,
And meet your instant doom!"

If the modern generation still has enough respect left for religion not to scoff openly at such things, it at least shows its awakening sense of realities by ignoring them.

It is not necessary to go as far as Mr. C. E. M. Joad, who says: "For the first time in history there is coming to maturity a generation of men and women who have no religion and who feel no need for one."

But it is indisputably true that the present generation feels no need for the religious dogmas and thinly-veiled superstitions that fill the hymn-books, and are uttered from far too many pulpits.

For the facts are hardly in dispute. Dr. Douglas Brown, President of the Baptist Union, recently declared that within ten years the Baptist Church would be as dead as the dodo.

Since 1910 the Church of England has lost 1,133,766 Sunday-school scholars and 45,272 teachers. Other denominations are suffering the same decline.

Yet I firmly believe that if the Churches had the courage to cut out the dead wood of dogmatic doctrine, and clear away the *débris* of centuries so as to evolve into a living flame of indignity against social injustice, a denouncer of social wrongs and a realistic guide and helper, there would be no more wails about a dying Church.

Don't be morbid

People feel the need of religion as much as they ever did—but they are no longer willing to accept the husks for the wheat.

They do not believe in wailing dirges about this world being "a vale of tears" or about themselves being "opprest with loads of guilt."

They would sooner enjoy God's fresh air and sunshine than chant in solemn unison:

"Days and moments quickly flying,
Blend the living with the dead;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within his narrow bed."

To decline to call such lugubrious sentiments religion is not to be irreligious.

It is merely to rebel—and rightly—against a narrow Puritanism and a glorification of self-abasement that psychologists know intimately by the name of "inferiority complex."

Men and women to-day are more robust and have a greater belief in themselves and in the joy of living than that.

Hell, too, is a bit discredited nowadays. The "awful place of doom, where, in rayless outer gloom, dead souls lie as in a tomb," does not appeal to any healthy-minded person as good religion nor as particularly good Christianity.

Sin with a trowel

It is the dreadfully depressing harping on "sin" that is emptying the churches:

"Weary of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home . . ."

What possible contact with reality has a hymn like that? Dr. Percy Dearmer recently put it in a nutshell:

"The old talk about 'sin' is still in the text-books of theology, still in the sermons of the clergy. That is one reason why few men to-day will either read the theologian or listen to the preacher.

"It is also one main reason why so many people join up with new religions of inferior quality. In the current phrase, which is here exactly accurate, the ordinary man 'has no use' for the word."

To-day, in 1930, we are, I think, too healthy-minded altogether to sing about blood and fear and death. We do not believe in the theory of "original sin," and we hate to think of ourselves as "a wretch, undone and lost."

Why should a healthy boy or girl be expected to go to church and sing: "I the chief of sinners am"? Or why, even if they sing it, should they be expected to believe that:

"I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within"?

I don't call that religion. I call it morbidity run riot.

Do you remember what the uncompromising H. G. Wells made Mr. Britling say at the end of "Mr. Britling Sees it Through"?

"If I thought," said Mr. Britling, "there was an omnipotent God Who looked down on battles and deaths and all the waste and horror of this war—able to prevent these things—doing them to amuse Himself—I would spit in His empty face."

Exactly! Yet we did not, and we do not scruple to apostrophise God as "the God of Battles," and persist in a futile attempt to spatchcock on to the simple Christianity of Christ the idea and personification of the bloodthirsty tribal deity of the days of Abraham.

Never mind the Prayer-book

It is not surprising that there is growing up a generation of men and women in revolt against all this mixture of superstition, morbidity and self-abasement, and who are searching—despite Mr. Joad—for some sort of religion that takes good fellowship and ordinary decency for its guiding principles.

If I have pointed largely to the hymn-book in this article it is because I regard the hymn-book as dreadfully symbolical of the dry-rot that has overtaken organised religion.

If the Church had set about revising the hymn-book and let the Prayer Book alone it would have done a great deal more good.

When the Archbishop of York admits there are only six hymns he can sing with sincerity and pleasure it is surely time something was altered.

There will be a change just as soon as the Churches cease bothering about anything except making life on earth a bit pleasanter, a bit happier, and a bit more comfortable.

In two thousand years they have not really appreciated the fact that that was always the real core of Christ's message.

The Human Machine

SAFETY FIRST!

TWO men once informed an Oriental that by doing a job in a special hurry they had saved a minute and a half. He looked at them gravely. "What shall we do with it?" he asked.

What do you do with the minutes you save by rushing and tearing and bustling? You probably do nothing; you probably waste them.

There's not much more use in hurrying than there is in worrying. What matters is not the extra speed with which we can do things, but the extra care with which we do them.

There's a growing tendency nowadays to worship speed. The faster the better—so we think. We're always trying to speed-up life.

It's a little difficult to see why. The day still has twenty-four hours. That's time enough, surely, to do all we want to do. If it isn't, there's always to-morrow, and that, too, has twenty-four hours.

It would do us all good to sit down at the end of a day and count up the number of jobs we've had to do twice because we hurried over them the first time and scamped them. It wouldn't do any harm to count up all the minutes we wasted by trying to save seconds.

You will never see a really competent workman in a hurry. He refuses to hurry. He is imperturbable. You can't rattle him.

He just goes steadily on, taking his time, doing everything with all the care and skill he can.

He is thinking about what he is doing; that is why he doesn't waste time by stupid efforts to save it.

He saves his time by not wasting it. Do you see the difference?

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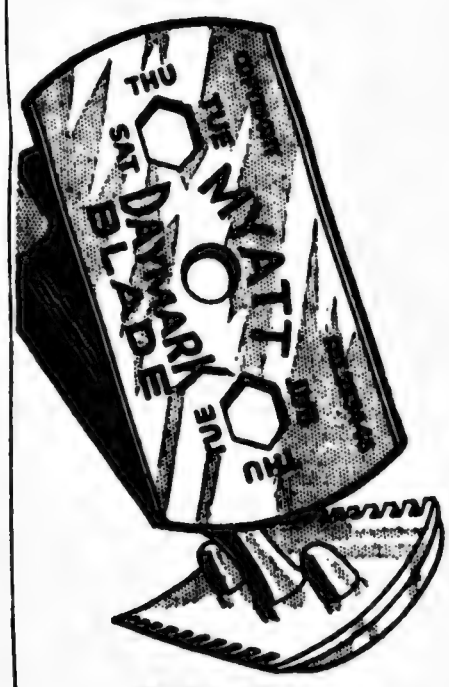

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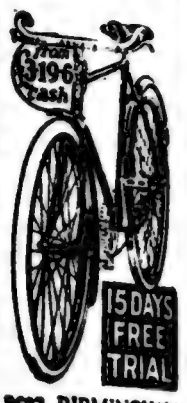

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A NOSE *we want to* PULL

Nosey holds the club to-day

NOSEY PARKER is as old as Time. The original community of ape-men had to cope with the nuisance who *would* climb the other fellow's tree to point out that Little Willie was hanging on to the nursery the wrong way up.

If he became too insistent, there was a cudgel handy to clout him over the head, and that closed the argument. So Nosey Parker meandered through the ages, without harm, except to his own anatomy.

It was not until this present century that he was recognised as a social asset. And not only recognised, but given status, authority and power. His nose was no longer to be abortive. It was to become a beacon to the Legislature and a pointer to the police.

How many bureaucrats are there now employed by the community, and handsomely paid, not for necessary services of government, but to enquire into the purely private and domestic affairs of the individual, and to force him to conform to their own ideas of correct living?

None can say exactly. We know only that if the present trend of legislation continues, another twenty years will see as many of them on our backs as there are workers employed in any one of our great productive industries.

The origin of the busybody bureaucrat is interesting. It is in the emergence from the first era of universal education of large numbers of men and women whom the schools and colleges made unfit for manual work, but who could not possibly be absorbed in the professions.

Since the 'nineties, each year has seen thousands more educated people thrown on the market than could comfortably earn a living as doctors, parsons, teachers, lawyers, and so on. They must find something to do.

It so happened that at about the same time the superfluity of "intelligents" began to be marked there was in being a body called the Fabian Society.

This contained some brilliant theorists, several of whom, like Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Lord Passfield (Sidney Webb) and Lord Olivier, have since become famous.

Tea and crumpets

Many of the Fabians were Civil Servants. The teachings of Fabianism percolated through the whole of the administrative services and into Parliament, among all Parties.

Meanwhile individual Fabians up for a career from Manchester and Glasgow had tea and crumpets with prominent politicians and influential Civil Servants, and, if they were lucky, were appointed members of Government Commissions.

From this they fell into semi-official soft jobs, and settled down to look after you and me much more intimately than by the dissemination of instructive Blue Books.

Parasites multiply: every one made finds it necessary for his continued existence to create another one. Our own parasites had no difficulty in finding the right type of recruits in adequate numbers among the superfluous "intelligents."

There is no space here to trace the growth of bureaucracy, and how the movement gained such overwhelming momentum in the war, when our backs were turned.

It is more to the point to stress the anti-social mentality of the bureaucrat and the effect of his activities on the happiness of so many defenceless citizens.

The most glaring instance of this modern tyranny relates to the Mental Deficiency Act. Here we have something more cruel than the Inquisition.

It does worse than kill men. It takes away the liberty of children, and breaks their and their mothers' hearts.

Poor people live in the shadow of a terror. At any moment their children may be snatched from them, not to return for long years.

They can be seized under the authority of the Mental Deficiency Act, though they need not be mentally deficient.

If they are a little backward at lessons, or have got into trouble through the breaking of a window, they may be sent away. The home wrecking is carried out on the report, sometimes unsupported, of one school visiting officer.

In the unctuous words of the bureaucrats in the service of the Board of Control which administers the Act, the children are being sent for "institutional care."

Often "institutional care" means a life of drudgery in the kitchens, sculleries and laundries of the "homes." The more intelligent the child, the more economically valuable.

Girls, when they have reached the age of seventeen or eighteen, may be released on licence to work as domestics in places like Y.M.C.A. hostels. *But their wages are paid to the Board of Control!*

We have naturally no complaint against the incarceration of the really feeble-minded who have no relatives to look after them.

But there are not enough of these to fill the institutions which the Board of Control has built or acquired, to justify its colossal expenditure of £7,000,000.

That is where the "backward" or "naughty" child comes in handy!

Once in, it is the easiest thing in the world for them to be certified defective. And according to that mouthpiece of the super-'crats, Sir Frederick Willis, late chairman of the Board of Control, "a mental defective can never be cured."

There is a passage in "Alice in Wonderland":

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat. "We're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice. "You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

No appeal

Against the decisions of the Board of Control there is no kind of appeal whatever, unless to the heart which it doesn't possess.

There is a right of appeal against the decision of doctors and magistrates who send a man to an asylum as a raging lunatic. Although it is sometimes difficult, it is always possible to get out of a lunatic asylum.

For a bright-eyed child, snatched by the Board of Control for stealing an orange, there is no escape if the Board decides to keep him.

Here and there humble parents are fighting lonely battles in the police-courts against this unexampled tyranny.

Last week, J. Reuben Barney, of Bethnal Green, was summoned at Epsom by the London County Council for assisting his seventeen-year-old daughter to escape from Manor Certified Institution at Epsom.

He refused to give an undertaking to return the girl, and was fined 40s. and allowed fourteen days to pay. The alternative was one month's imprisonment.

The same punishment was meted out, on the same day, to Mrs. Messias, of Tottenham, for the same offence of shocking the susceptibilities of the Board of Control by a too great affection for her daughter.

We notice that the Epsom magistrates went out of their way to point out that they had no option but to administer the law, from which we may legitimately assume that they felt more like telling Mr. Barney and Mrs. Messias that they would have done the same.

Wholesale booting

There is now before the Commons a Mental Treatment Bill, which, if passed, will give the Board of Control more powers than ever.

We hope that, if the Bill is passed, it will be so transmogrified by wholesome amendments that, instead of consolidating the Board, it will raze this iniquitous excrescence to the level of a committee of impotent meddlers.

It would be a shrewd blow at bureaucracy, and one to be followed by a wholesale booting of the Nosey Parkers, busybodies, and pothunters in power who are worming the foundations of our liberty.

The famous flag of the Mercantile Marine—the "Red Duster"

The STAIN on the "RED DUSTER"

What's Wrong with the Merchant Service?

THE British Mercantile Marine is lord of the Seven Seas. It is all-powerful and adding to its power. Its 20,000,000 odd gross tons collect, carry and deliver the greater part of the productivity of five continents, and its flag flies, the age-known symbol of sea authority, in every port throughout the world.

So much, of course, we know.

But there is another side to this bright picture, and all the impressive statistics on Lloyd's Register cannot blot it out.

Nor can the "Arabian Nights" tales of prosperity read out annually in the panelled parlours of Leadenhall Street.

There is something radically wrong in our Merchant Fleet.

When the American Shipping Board put up the shutters, after spending since the war some £560,000,000 in building a trade marine and losing, in seven of those years, something over £50,000,000, we shook our heads and looked wise.

Scorn of the seas

The Yanks, we told ourselves, hadn't the knack of extracting dividends out of the ocean-wave.

But it was running-costs that beat the Board. It found its ships' bills for wages and subsistence were twice greater than ours.

And building costs were higher, partly because America refused to send her sailors to sea to live in quarters that would disgrace sea-going primitives on a native passenger line.

In this objection she carries the support of our least rivals.

When we sell a ship to Scandinavia, the first thing done on delivery is to tear out the crew's quarters.

The authorities there insist on it. The quarters are shifted from the cramped and airless forecastle to aft or amidships.

Proper space, away from bunks, must be provided for eating. A place must be set apart for lavatory and sanitary accommodation. A person must be specially designated to keep crew's quarters clean.

The rules in Scandinavia on these things are many, and they must be kept.

But they have no effect in the world's biggest and most prosperous trade marine. Approximately 250,000 seamen are employed in the forecastles of ships flying the "Red Duster."

And forecastles are still being built in British shipyards to provide accommodation, ill-ventilated and insanitary, for British crews.

Men are still asked to sleep, wash, eat and store their food in quarters that any sanitary authority on shore would condemn out of hand.

Amazing as it may sound, the British sailor is nobody's child. The Ministry of Health will have nothing to do with him. It refers him to the Board of Trade.

The nominal head of that august Department is the Archbishop of Canterbury.

But the Board of Trade takes no briefs for sailors' complaints. The inevitable excuse amounts to an admission that its surveyors always arrive too late to inspect crews' living quarters.

dirtiest and most primitive in existence.

Testimony to this effect is not wanting from British medical authority.

Dr. Howard Jones, Medical Officer of Health at Newport, has stated that:

"The present official requirements for seamen's quarters are inadequate, unsatisfactory in character, and, in many respects, far too indefinite."

The death-rate is high, ravages of disease considerable. The higher hygienic standards demanded and obtained in foreign

There is a bust to old Samuel Plimsoll on the Thames Embankment, but ——!

Medical officers and seafarers' associations have been barking at the heels of the Board of Trade for years; but the Board, fearful of giving offence to builders, owners and architects, funks insisting on improved conditions.

Britain shoulders humiliation by knowing that all other seafaring nations regard the living-quarters of British seamen afloat as the

Sir C. J. O. Sanders, chairman of the Load-line Commission

countries find no parallel in our Merchant Service.

Out of 1,796 vessels inspected, sanitary defects totalled 395. The British contribution to this figure was 277.

Now, it is obvious that such conditions are not driving people to join the Merchant Service, especially in its higher branches.

No less an authority than Sir William Runciman, the millionaire shipowner, has stated that there is an officer shortage. This statement has been denied; but facts support it.

An extract from the 1929 Officers (Merchant Navy) Federation states:

"There is a distinct indication of a shortage of junior navigating officers and of engineering officers of all grades. . . .

"The council of this Federation is convinced that there is a growing dissatisfaction and discouragement in the Service owing to the unsatisfactory conditions of pay, leave and general treatment of officers in many companies."

A census of nationality on American North Atlantic ships alone would be interesting.

Not only is higher pay offered with better conditions—monthly

Captain W. H. Coombs, who fights for officers

wage and subsistence on an American 9,000-tonner, for instance, is about £800, compared with just over £500 in the British service—but higher rank is offered as well.

The young men who might be captains to-morrow do not see the fun of passing their lives in great discomfort and need. Pay is bad; food is bad; work is near slavery.

Cargoes are worked night and day in port. There are no half-days on Saturdays, and no Sunday respite. In most ships, cargo is worked throughout these days in foreign ports.

Donkeymen win

Carpenters, donkeymen and crews are paid overtime; officers are not. Donkeymen often draw, with overtime, more money at the end of a voyage than a certificated rank.

Since their rise in pay, wireless officers in some small ships actually draw more pay than their masters. Plums fall to these youths after one year's training.

Officers train hard for years to get their certificates, yet at the end of one year wireless operators *are* officers, and their pay is never less than that of a navigator or an engineer.

Engineers are also leaving the

RED DUSTER"

Storm-pressed and overloaded, they must see her through

Merchant Service. After eight hours on duty watch, they have now to attend to winches, windlasses, auxiliaries and all breakdowns, without recompense.

But is it surprising that these highly skilled young men in the higher branches are leaving the sea?

After years and hundreds of pounds spent in training colleges and schools, with examinations increasing almost every year and infinitely more expensive to pass, these young people are finding conditions at sea growing worse every year.

Toilsome climb

Some of the Welsh owners allow such a small victualling allowance that it is impossible to provide cabin fare on a scale commensurate with better-class ships.

Officers have to make their own beds and clean their cabins. Stewards who look after ship provisions have no time to perform other duties.

And promotion is slow. In the big liners a man is grey before his turn comes to assume command. He takes enormous responsibilities as a third officer. In his rank he holds a master's certificate, the highest certificate demanded by the Board of Trade for this purpose.

He climbs towards the position he is entitled to slowly and painfully. As a third officer, he draws £19 per month. Ten years later, he rises to second officer. He receives an extra £5 per month.

After another five or ten years' service, he steps into the next rank, with luck. All the intervening time, he is in sole charge of a great ship, with often 3,000 passengers and millions of specie in his care.

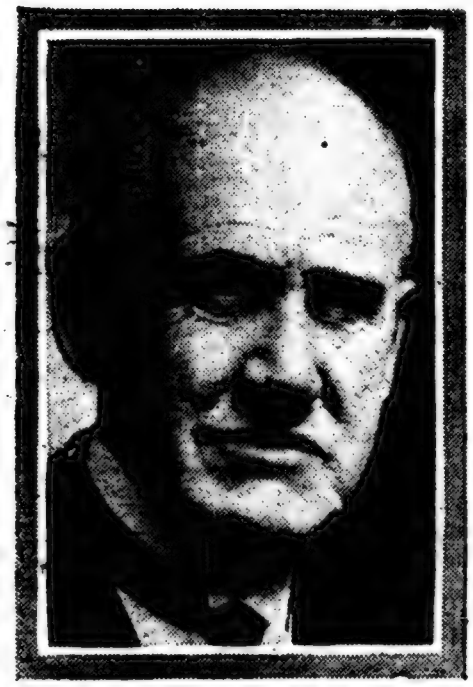
One false move, the smallest error in judgment, and he is damned for ever. He will never reach the command.

Huge responsibilities for meagre pay whips discontent to seething-point on the navigating-bridge and in the engine-room.

Officers who spend 365 days of the year in a gas-laden oil-tanker are compensated only at the rate of 7½ per cent. in excess of cargo officers' wages.

Second officers' salaries—and they must hold master's certificates—are but £19 per month.

There is every chance of the skipper of a trawler earning better remuneration than a commodore



Tremendous responsibility falls on the great liner officers—Sir Bertram Hayes, the famous Commodore

of a lordly luxury liner. He rises in his old age to about £900 per annum, with increases to £1,200, when he is due to retire.

Some of the greatest names under the "Red Duster" retire to a competence that is scarcely better than a higher Civil Servant's. Such men are compelled to accept small jobs to educate their children and live decently.

It is no wonder that overloading is encouraged in the branches of the service that are lesser paid.

And who dare deny that this practice is encouraged by owners and welcomed by underpaid masters?

An extra two hundred tons of cargo carried between ports and the wages of master and officers are covered.

Behind the bleating

There was some bleating at the Chamber of Shipping dinner recently about the insignificant instances of overloading on British ships.

But every man present knew that such statistics were pointless. They referred only to British ports.

It is only too well known that overloading takes place in a large number of British ships leaving foreign ports. The loading-line regulations do not apply, for example, in American ports.

Unless she decides to change her mind and become a signatory to the International Load-line Agreement at the coming conference, America will remain the outlaw of the sea.

The Board of Trade enquiry into the loss of the s.s. *Vestris* found overloading the cause of the disaster. The *Vestris* was bound from an American port, and authorities there, as elsewhere, are more to blame than Britain.

Every oil-tanker which leaves American ports is loaded down almost to the scuppers. The same applies to cargo-ships.

Competing in such conditions, the British skipper is compelled to break the regulations laid down by Samuel Plimsoll.

"On the beach"

And conditions are not entirely blameless in British ports, in spite of statistics. The same applies to Continental ports, where, in a certain measure, the load-line regulations are accepted.

So long as authorities do not take pains to discover delinquents, ships will continue to carry excess cargoes.

All that remained of the ship—the wreck upon the waters

The masters are not to blame. They get their instructions. If they failed to carry them out they would get displaced—"put on the beach," as they term it—at the end of the voyage.

There is no law to prevent a British ship entering a foreign port overloaded. Leaving regulations are not sternly applied. Graft can do most things in Continental ports anyway.

And there still remains the disgraceful scandal of hatch coverings. We still use tarpaulins and wedges, the same as were in use a hundred years ago.

How many ships are lost through hatches being stove in?

In July, 1926, while the enquiry into the loss of the British steamer *Galleon* was proceeding, the solicitor for the Board of Trade stated that forty-five vessels of varying sizes, including sailing-ships, had foundered or been reported missing since 1922 while carrying coal cargoes.

There was, of course, no evidence to prove that hatchways were properly covered and adequately protected and secured, because there were no survivors.

But these enquiry courts know, as every sailor knows, that wooden hatches and doors and skylights have been in vogue for hundreds of years.

They are no more fit to cover up masses of vibrating steel in a seaway than a packing-case.

In the older ships steel coverings can be furnished, secured by deck-screws over existing wooden hatches. Ship regulations could be amended to make hatch-coverings as strong as steel decks.

Iron doors could replace wood, and steel shafts replace flimsy metal ventilators.

The days of wood hatches and tarpaulin covers should be ended.

Yes, there are many things radically wrong in our great Mercantile Marine.

For all its size and wealth, it is far from being perfect.

There are big stains on the "Red Duster." Reform is long overdue.

Survivors of the s.s. "Vestris" and their German rescuers

This merry fellow is making the best of it. Yet he is required to eat, sleep and live in remarkably close quarters

The delightful Nutty Flavour of a Manikin is so dependable that I know I need only light up one of these excellent little smokes to be sure of half an hour's peaceful satisfaction and a smoke pleasure that knocks care sideways.

Those one-after-the-other cigarettes are alright in their place, but when all's said and done a man wants a smoke of an evening that does something more than kill time.

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FOSTER CLARK'S
CREAM CUSTARD
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Real Life Stories— ***—by famous Authors***

BREND took his rifle down from the wall and moved like an automaton towards the door. "Father! Where are you going?" cried Doris. But he seemed not to hear

JUST SO

by

RALPH STOCK

Illustrated by Greenup

THE incidents in this story actually happened to a neighbour of mine when I was cattle-ranching in Canada, and show how a mere trifle such as a frying pan may bring a habit-ridden man and those about him to the verge of destruction. If this is not "stranger than fiction," I do not know what is.

With John Brend, everything had to be "just so."

There was a place for everything, and everything should be in its place, according to his philosophy, which is by no means a bad one—up to a point.

But John Brend went past it. His craze for orderliness had reached such a pitch that no one could put up with him except his daughter Doris, and even she—so it was said—only remained at home through fear.

"Not yet, Michael," she told her lover, when he made one of his customary visits at the farm while John Brend was at the winter-camp up in the hills. "Don't tell him yet, please!"

"It's always 'Not yet,'" Michael Pollock complained. "One would think it's a crime to want to marry you, me with close on two hundred head of stock, and a tidy little home waiting for you down on the creek."

"You don't know father," said Doris.

"And who's fault's that?" demanded Michael. "It's only on account of the promises you've dragged out of me, like so many teeth, that John Brend and I haven't met long ago and I haven't told him the glad news."

"It won't be glad news to him, Michael," Doris pointed out. "When I've gone, he'll be all alone."

This interview ended as all the others had done. Doris succeeded in holding Michael to his promise not to divulge their engagement for a little longer, and Michael went away, fuming at the delay.

It could not go on, he decided, as he rode along the trail to his own farm. Something must be done . . . something drastic . . . and soon. But what? He had given a promise, and he must keep it.

That, however, did not prevent him from giving a man the shaking-up he so sorely needed. . . . No. . . .

Michael's meditations carried him another mile on his way, then they had the curious effect of suddenly turning his horse's head in the opposite direction—back towards the hills, and finally up the narrow track leading to John Brend's winter-camp.

It was snowing up there; the first fall of the season. But snow made no difference to John Brend's unvarying programme. He was up before dawn, feeding hay to the calves by lantern-light.

Then there was the watering of weak stock, and the cutting of willow fence-posts for next spring, and dinner, and more fencepost-cutting, and more calf-feeding, and supper, and bed.

There was no need for him to do all this at his time of life; but he was incapable of trusting his precious routine to others, and he had reached the "supper" item on his schedule when the door of the shack opened, revealing the snow-covered figure of a young man.

"Put your horse in, and come and sit down," said John Brend, with the hospitality always extended to strangers in the North-West.

The young man obeyed, and was soon doing justice to the meal.

"Storm coming up," said Brend.

"You bet it is!" said the stranger.

"Where are you from?"

"Bear Creek."

"What name?"

"Michael Pollock."

Small talk is not a strong point on the prairie, and after a smoke over the roaring box-stove, the two men rolled into their bunks.

The storm developed into a blizzard, and for three days and three nights it raged round John Brend's winter-camp, imprisoning its occupants.

(Continued on page 24)

"What time shall I meet you?"

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They will tell you that the way to feel fresh is to keep your *mouth* refreshed, and the pure cool flavour of Wrigley's Chewing Gum refreshes the mouth as nothing else can. Removes all trace of eating, drinking and smoking. Sweetens the breath.

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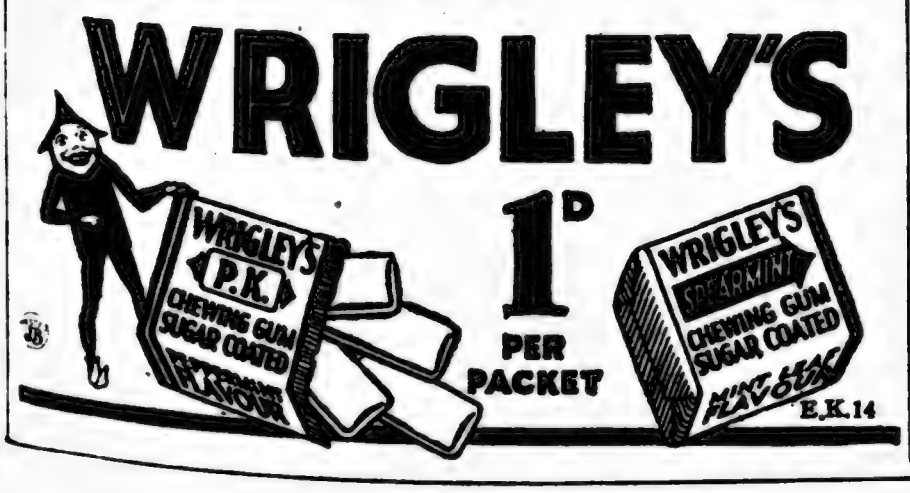

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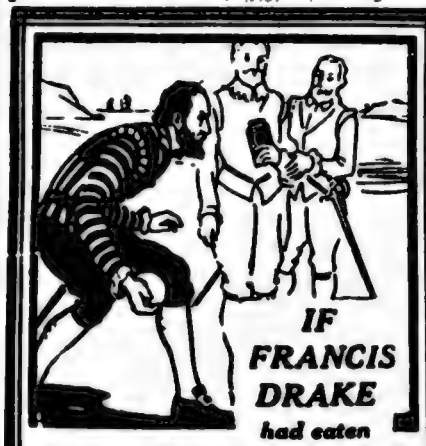

IF FRANCIS DRAKE had eaten

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

Here is the hero, Francis Drake
At Bowls on Plymouth Hoe.
Says he, 'We'll finish off the game
Before we beat the foe.'
And then to battle off he sprints,
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Delightful in flavour, refreshing, stimulating and wonderful for digestion.

Beware of imitations.

FOX'S GLACIER MINTS

"Just So"—*Continued from page 22*

It did not take long for Michael to get on his host's nerves. His slapdash way of doing things that John looked upon as almost a rite at first annoyed, then exasperated the old man, and finally the situation reached its inevitable climax in an open quarrel.

"You've hung the frying-pan on the wrong nail," he told Michael one evening after washing-up.

Michael studied the offending pan with a twinkle in his eye.

"You don't say!" he observed.

"I do," snapped Brend.

"What does it matter which nail it's on?"

"It's hung there for the last five years," said Brend.

"Do it good to have a change," said Michael.

"I don't think so."

"No, *you* wouldn't."

"Who's boss here?" demanded Brend.

"When it's a man's job, you are," Michael admitted; "but washing-up's another matter. Lord!" he laughed, "we're fighting over a frying-pan now!"

"And why not," stormed Brend, "if you don't know how to use it right? All I'm telling you is to put that pan where it belongs!"

Michael looked up at the distorted face of his future father-in-law.

"You're a frightful old man!" he burst out. "You are that, though no one's dared to tell you so until this minute. If you could see yourself, you'd die laughing. We ought to be laughing *now* instead of fighting.

"Think of it—pan—wrong nail! What's the odds? Open up a bit. Do something different just because it *is* different. Sling the pan in the corner! Tear up the dish-rag, and become human!"

JOHN BREND listened to this tirade, silent and motionless.

Anyone but Michael Pollock would have been awed into silence by such grim restraint; but the boy went on.

"Stop!" thundered Brend of a sudden. "Maybe you think this a joke."

"Well, isn't it?" demanded Michael. "Think! Try and think—frying-pan—wrong nail!"

"And a frying-pan that you'll put on the *right* nail," said Brend very quietly.

"What makes you think that?"

"I'll make you."

"Oh, and how will you do that?"

The studied insolence of the question was too much for Brend. His restraint broke bounds. In spite of his greater age, he had a wiry strength born of a lifetime's manual labour.

He took Michael by the throat, and after a short struggle succeeded in flinging him into the snow outside. Then he methodically hung the frying-pan on its right nail, and climbed into his bunk.

Slowly the heat of the encounter wore off, and lying there in the darkness, he began to think. What had he done? He had given an unruly boy the lesson he deserved. But that was not all.

A disturbing thought crept into his mind, and would not be evicted. He had committed the unforgivable sin in the West of turning a stranger from his door in foul weather. . . .

A sudden gust of wind reminded him that the blizzard was still raging. For some time he tried to justify himself, then, as though driven by some force outside himself, he went to the door and opened it.

There was nothing to be seen but a whirlwind of snow.

Michael had gone. Where? Ah, of course, to the stable for his horse. Brend fought his way there against the frozen swirl, and stood in the doorway aghast. Michael's horse was quietly feeding in its stall.

What had happened? No one would be crazy enough to leave the winter-camp on such a night—on foot. Besides, there would be no sense in it when he had a horse.

Yet Brend could find no trace of the boy either in the stable or outside. The heavy fall of snow had obliterated all footprints. Was it possible . . . ? Conjecture slowly gave way to conviction in Brend's mind. Only one thing *could* have happened.

In hot haste to be gone from such a place, Michael had made for the stable, missed it in the blinding smother, and was now wandering aimlessly on the open prairie.

And as he rode, one thought possessed him to the exclusion of all else: he had sent Michael Pollock to his death for no other reason than that he had hung a frying-pan on the wrong nail.

Brend saddled his horse and rode throughout the night, calling, searching, but without avail.

FOR the first time in his routine-ridden life, John Brend saw himself as he was.

But Fate had not finished with him yet.

The morning broke clear, and, dazed and half-frozen, he found himself at the home farm. His horse, with its unfailing instinct for its own stable, had carried him there. He dismounted mechanically, and went into the house

Still in a trance of agonised thought, he sat down to the meal Doris prepared. To her there was nothing unusual in his behaviour. She was used to his long silences.

And presently, as he sat staring into the glow of the box-stove, wondering

IRONY

Next week's True Story of Fate's most malignant jest,

by

KATHLYN RHODES

what he must do, he became aware that she was speaking—trying to tell him something. He found himself listening, catching disjointed sentences, and piecing them together in his overwrought mind.

". . . I made up my mind to tell you when you came back from the winter-camp," she was saying now. "Father, haven't you *seen* that I must marry and go away some day?"

"Marry?" Brend looked up.

"Yes, I'm much older than you think. You haven't noticed me growing up. I—I'm a woman." Doris was at his knee, looking pleadingly into his face.

"I know how it hurts, father. You're so used to me, aren't you? You do get used to things. But we'll see each other quite often. I shan't be far away, and you'll come and stay with us, won't you?"

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid? Of what?"

"He took Michael by the throat and succeeded in flinging him into the snow outside"

"You, father. I didn't know how you would take it."

"I see," said Brend. "Who is he?"

"You don't know him," said Doris; "but you can't help liking him when you do. He has nearly two hundred head of cattle, and a home all ready down on the creek. His name's Michael Pollock."

Brend sat rigid in his chair, his eyes transfixed. He seemed to have ceased to breathe—to live. His stony immobility frightened Doris. Her hand went out, touching him gently.

He stirred, then slowly rose from his chair, took his rifle down from the wall, and moved like an automaton towards the door.

"Father! Where are you going?" cried Doris. But he seemed not to hear, and presently she saw him riding up the trail that led to the winter-camp.

John Brend knew where he was going. A "frightful old man" should encumber the earth no longer.

* * *

UP at the camp he unsaddled and turned his horse loose, knowing that it would return to the home farm. Michael's he let into the hay corral, where it could feed at will until someone came to take it away. Then he went into the shack.

He was writing a farewell note to Doris with the rifle on the table before him, when his glance happened to encounter the fatal frying-pan. *It was hanging on the wrong nail!*

Who could have done it? Only one man living—or perhaps *not* living! Perhaps he had come back from his frozen grave on the prairie to do this thing. He was obstinate, that boy.

A faint chuckle came out of the darkness behind him. Brend dared not turn. A hand fell on his shoulder. Still he dared not turn—for fear of what he would see.

"I just had to teach you a lesson, John Brend," came a familiar, bantering voice at his elbow.

Brend turned at that, and grasped Michael Pollock in his two hands to satisfy himself that he was flesh and blood.

"Not dead. . . . Not dead!" he kept muttering incredulously.

"Not quite," said Michael, "though hiding in that stable loft of yours was none too lively a job. And I'd never have done it if I thought you'd have gone this far," he added, taking up the rifle and standing it in a corner.

Brend's glance of infinite relief followed his every movement as he went to the stove and poured out a mug of steaming tea.

"Drink that," said Michael, setting it before him. "You'll soon be yourself."

BREND shook his head slowly, and the words came with difficulty—but they *came*.

"I'll never be my old self again—not if I can help it. You've told me what I was. I shan't forget."

"Oh, I take it all back," said Michael.

"You can't take back the truth," returned Brend. He finished his tea and got up. "Now we'd better go down to the home farm," he suggested. "Doris has been waiting for you a long time."

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Can You SPOT—

Paul Whiteman at least is frank

A Stolen MELODY?

When dear old Chevalier "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road"

NOT long ago the leader of one of the highest paid dance-bands in London found quite a new stick with which to give British music a resounding thwack over the head.

He blamed British composers for daring to attempt to be original, and gave the most extraordinary reasons for thus blaming them.

"They are," he said, "too timid not to copy the works of other people, or too conceited."

It did not occur to him to say that they may be too honest to do what is, in effect, no better than taking half a crown from a neighbour's pocket or picking a diamond bracelet off a jeweller's counter and walking out of the shop with it.

For when it comes to American light music and the song-"pluggers" of Tin Pan Alley, honesty simply is not. Expediency governs everything.

A man who sets up to be a popular composer is regarded as a fool if he does not do some judicious (and, frequently, injudicious) "pinching."

Not all British composers are fools of this laudable type, though this sort of fool is more frequently found on our side of the Atlantic than on the other.

Some are neither timid nor conceited. They have quite sufficient courage to take someone else's tune when that someone else is either dead or unlikely to recognise his tune in its jazzy camouflage. If he does recognise his tune and protests, it is always possible to claim a coincidence and a case of great minds thinking alike.

They have, too, common-sense enough not to be conceited over something they have not done, and to realise that when one has committed what is tantamount to a burglary, the best policy is to "lie low and say nuffin'."

That the cheques roll in is sufficient reward.

But these gentry are a minority in England. At any rate, many composers, or would-be composers, of popular melodies genuinely try to work out their own salvation, or their own damnation, as the case may be.

In America it is different.

Yet it is there

Honest coincidence is, of course, perfectly possible. There are very few composers to whom one would be inclined to allow this way out.

Yet they do exist—and it must be remembered that the number of notes in the scale, as well as the different ways of arranging them (to put the matter non-technically), are limited.

It is not to be supposed, for instance, that Sullivan deliberately went to the opening bars of "Parsifal" for "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes," or even knew of the resemblance. Yet the phrases are identical.

His "Family Pride" song in "The Mikado" is the theme of one of Bach's organ fugues. With this theme Sullivan, who was an organist, was almost certainly familiar.

Not consciously

But either the coincidence was absolute—two musicians having lighted on the same arrangement of notes, just as two dramatists may light on the same plot—or Sullivan had absorbed the Bach theme *sub-consciously* and honestly given it forth as his own.

A really sincere musician can always be given the benefit of the doubt. *His pride in his own work is too great to allow him to "borrow" from other people.*

Nor is there any need for a man whose creative faculty functions and whose brain is fertile to rely on others to prop him up.

But these resemblances will occur. Here are a few striking examples of honest coincidences:

"Avalon"	An air from Puccini's "La Tosca."
"In Arizona"	Ballet music from Gounod's "Faust."
"If You Want to Know the Time, Ask a Policeman."	Humperdinck's "Konigskinder."
"Wake Up and Dream" waltz	"The Sandow Girl" (from "The Dairy Maids").
"Ta-ra-ra-boom-deay"	Massenet's "Werther."
Waltz-song in "Irene"	Chopin's Waltz in A flat.
"Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road"	Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."
"Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets"	Elgar's "Salut d'Amour."
"Mrs. 'Enry 'Awkins"	"The Londonderry Air."
"Keep the Home Fires Burning"	"God Bless the Prince of Wales."
"It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary"	"Eileen Alannah."

Now look at another side of the picture.

There are those who take tunes from the classics or from the operas, and, quite openly, jazz them. There is, at any rate, no attempt at concealment.

There is in existence a copy of a fox-trot based on Wagnerian melodies, syncopated and distorted, with a comic portrait on the cover of Wagner blowing a saxophone.

Was there not, too, in a Hippodrome scene a ditty, the tune taken from Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," entitled, "Oh, Mr. Schu-u-bert, Let's Finish Your Symphony in Ra-a-ag Time"?

Mr. Paul Whiteman has said that to jazz the classics is the best way to make them popular, that it is better that they should be known in this way than not at all, and that the end justifies the means.

This has at least the virtue of being a frank point of view.

The musical pickpockets are those whose knowledge of their art is scanty and whose creative faculty does not exist.

Having selected music as a profession (if attention is exclusively paid to the lighter side of music, it is an extremely lucrative profession), they immediately set about going to the real composers for material.

Gilded cuckoos

They rob them, dead or alive, but usually dead, since it is safer. They are the cuckoos of music, stealing nests which others have built.

They reap where others have sown, and reap a far richer harvest financially than those who have so obligingly gone before them.

"Cuckoos" of this type are really evil. They do not admit that they steal, and trust to general ignorance for "getting away with it," as they nearly always do.

Showing up this sharp practice is difficult. Most of the dramatic critics who write of the revues and musical plays in which these thefts appear have no knowledge, of music, and cannot detect any sort of musical fraud.

If a paper wishes to expose literary thefts, it has only to print the original and the imitation in parallel columns, and the whole world can judge.

Something useful

But parallel columns of musical notation would be difficult to reproduce in an ordinary "lay" journal, and, if they were thus printed, only the expert musicians—a small section of the total mass of readers—would be able to appreciate and recognise them.

There has been a garbled attempt to regulate royalties on songs, but it would be much more to the point if our heavy-headed legislators would pass a neat little law with a bench of musical arbitrators to cage the cuckoos who steal the music of living musicians.

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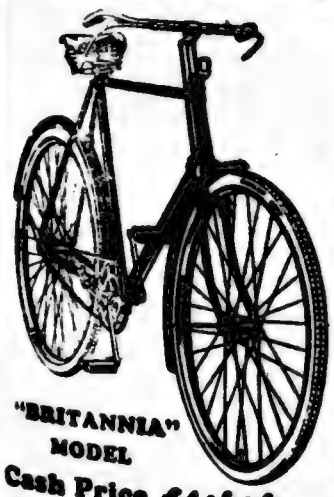

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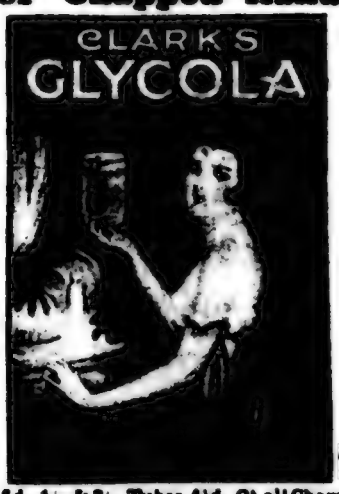

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Four great police chiefs who visualise a world police: Mr. Enright, late chief of New York; Lord Byng, Scotland Yard; Herr Hergt, Berlin, and M. Chiappe, Paris

WANTED— A World SCOTLAND YARD

THE announcement by the *Daily Herald* that the three-nation pact to deal with crime has now come into effect is important news.

The pity is that the pact only fiddles with a great international problem.

What the world wants is an International Commission, with one strong official head, to tackle the gangs and individuals who, with impunity, pass from country to country unscathed.

This is one of the concrete, useful things that can be done through the League of Nations.

The draughtsmen of the three-nation scheme, with headquarters in Paris, were Lord Byng, M. Chiappe, the Paris Prefet, and the Berlin Chief, Herr Hergt.

Bound to fail

They will mainly succeed in sweeping the world's worst criminals off their own doorsteps, only to have them carrying on their evil from other countries not included in the pact. A piecemeal business, it is doomed to failure

Here is a scheme with vision: Let the various Governments nominate police experts to form an international committee, with power to elect a Commissioner controlling a staff of experts who will plan joint action against criminals.

It would not be necessary to enrol an international police force; nor would it be practicable.

Suppose a gang of jewel-thieves wanted for crime in other countries was located in Austria; the Austrian police would be asked to help.

Not merely would all information about international criminals be brought together, but a very great improvement in detective methods might be achieved through the pooling of knowledge.

Every detective force can learn something from its neighbours' methods.

While it would not be possible for the authority of any force to be overridden, the Commissioner, by virtue of the powers conferred by the League of Nations, would have discretion to take action.

This would not entail any more cost to individual forces than they now bear, for each has detectives specially engaged upon international work.

To-day there is a great lack of co-ordination.

Advice may be received in a certain country that such-and-such international criminals are thought to have crossed its frontiers. In some cases the matter is thoroughly followed up, but often it is allowed to lapse.

A stumbling-block is the present state of extradition. There is no doubt that if Francis Lorang had stayed in his native Luxembourg he would not have been arrested.

Two other financiers, Hauser and Gialdini, are still at large. Very serious allegations have been made in open court against Hauser, a Dutchman, who has steadfastly refused to leave Holland.

Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Holland and Luxembourg specially protect their nationals from extradition, and in cases where extradition is possible—such as the United States, France and Belgium—there are many ways in which it can be evaded.

Extradition is not fully operative in some of the South American republics. The only way in which defaulters can be apprehended is by private action, similar to that so daringly taken by the late Supt. Froest in his arrest of Jabez Balfour, of "Liberator" fame, in the Argentine.

This sort of kidnapping—for that is what it amounted to—is rarely expedient and always costly.

Letting them off

There are worse crimes than financial frauds. For example, the growing menace of the drug and white-slave traffic.

The League of Nations Commission report shows that white-slavery is appalling in its extent.

What is not widely known is the meagre result which has followed the commission's application for the prosecution of certain notorious offenders.

The convictions obtained were almost negligible and the sentences imposed ludicrous in their leniency. Here, again, the lack of co-ordination is a formidable handicap.

Take such a case as that of the infamous "Duchess," a procuress upon a very large scale, who was able to evade the police of three countries because of their failure to co-operate; or the more recent case of Isabella Donati, whom the Lisbon police declined to prosecute, although the evidence against her was of the strongest.

It might be objected that political influences would clog the work of the Commissioner and his staff, but it is more likely that where political exigency was made of a criminal matter, the Commissioner, through the League, would be able to appeal against the action of the nation concerned.

This might be the case with the drug-traffic, which, since the war, has grown amazingly.

Whenever a preparation is vetoed, as Dr. Brontë, the pathologist, has pointed out, another is brought out.

To satisfy the ever-increasing demand, drugs are smuggled into this country from the Continent by all conceivable means.

Dope in furs

Goods of all sorts are hollowed out and filled with them; women carry them between their furs, in their corsets, in double petticoats; men hide them in hollow walking-sticks, in cases with false bottoms, in suit-linings, and so forth.

England is one of the clearing-houses for South America. Belgium, Switzerland and Holland send supplies through to Liverpool, which then go on to London for further transhipment and smuggling.

The manufacture of drug-preparations is always increasing. JOHN BULL has already exposed Swiss factories where the mass-production of drugs is going on.

It would be a serious handicap to any centralised authority if America refused its co-operation. But, however much the United States may decline to interfere with European politics, she is vitally interested in the suppression of crime.

The importance of united action by all countries in criminal matters is well recognised by the leading American experts, who were indeed the prime movers in the foundation of the International Police Commission, of which Mr. Richard Enright, the ex-Commissioner of the New York Police, was last year's president.

The visits of American criminals to this country, despite all precautions, are becoming more frequent. Several American mail-robbers are known to have been operating in England recently.

A step further

The urgency of the present position is not yet realised by the public; and despite the new three-nation arrangement nothing is likely to be done to meet the situation generally.

The best way in which to co-ordinate preventive and detective measures is through an appointment by the League of Nations of an International Commission.

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Beaten Back to the SLUMS

They dynamited a slum-area in Somers Town, London; but does that solve the problem? Lord Monkbretton fired the fuse. With him Father Jellicoe, "the priest who keeps a pub."

DOES the public at large realise the tragic game of "general post" which is going on between the slums and the Council Housing Estates of London and some of the big cities day by day?

The matter is one not only of local, but of national importance. For it deeply concerns everyone who has the smallest interest in the well-being and happiness of communities the world over.

It is the old question of the slum problem, with some poignant lessons to be learned by the authorities, not from theory, but from very real practical experience.

There are dozens of cottage estates in the outer circle of the cities erected with the natural object of providing accommodation for people living in the more congested central and slum districts.

Some tenants come from the well-to-do artisan class, for whom cottage estates are a boon. But the majority are people from the poorer districts and actual slum-dwellers.

The estates boast comfortable houses, laid out in more or less attractive form, and the rents, *for the type of house*, are not exorbitant.

Underfed children

If it could be said that they were not exorbitant for the type of tenant this subject would need no further discussion. But they are.

And, in consequence, scores of disillusioned householders are trooping back to the cities daily in search of a single room for their families in the vile districts they had hoped never to see again.

The Salvation Army authorities are continually in touch with these cases. Doctors and parsons and "army" field officers on the estates are at their wits' end to know what course to adopt.

Many of the hundreds and hundreds of children which emigration from the slums brings in its train are getting insufficient food.

What use to them a five-roomed house in healthy country air when their stomachs are empty?

This is what happens.

A family living in one or two rooms in the poorer districts, and paying anything from 5s. to 7s. a week rent, is given notice to quit.

After a certain date boards will be put up and the place will be demolished. They have nowhere to go. The city council tells them they can have a nice house on the outskirts for perhaps 14s. to 17s. a week.

Tragic awakening

Think what a paradise this offer must open up to them. They have been perforce content to stay in their hovels while no chance of anything better presented itself.

But now—freedom, cleanliness, the life almost of country gentlefolk! The rent a bit higher certainly, but, of course, they jump at the offer.

They go—and wake up in a few weeks' time to the fact that it is an economic impossibility.

Take a London example: This family has gone to Becontree and the man works at Ealing for £1 10s. a week. His workman's fare from Chadwell Heath to London is 5s. a week, and then he has to get to Ealing.

He is *compelled* to have a house suitable to his family. For instance, if he has only two girls and one boy in the family, he must even then have a house with three bedrooms, which to him is, of course, something in the nature of a useless mansion.

He will be paying for this at least double, perhaps treble, what he paid for his slum dwelling. He does not like to be behind with his neighbours and has bought furniture on the hire-purchase system.

Worried wives

His wife cannot send out for penn'orths of tea and two-penn'orths of coal, as she did in Southwark, because there are no shops of that description. And the shopkeepers in these places are much too wary to give credit.

So she has to pay out (to her) large sums for her provisions. Never having done this before, she has no idea how to make the provisions last.

The family must not take in lodgers. They must cultivate their gardens.

Only a few weeks ago a man on one of these estates was brought up for stealing seeds for his garden, on which occasion Mr. Hay Halkett, the magistrate, showed sympathy and said the rents were "awful."

The councils are by no means hard in their treatment of tenants, but they have the ratepayers to think of, and they cannot allow arrears to mount up indefinitely.

So out the tenants have to go. Their effects are piled in the garden they have been compelled to tend, and the new family comes in.

There is no provision, of course, for the unfortunate outgoers.

What good has this attempted solution of the slum problem done to them? Merely deprived them of the meagre home in which they had lived in comparative content perhaps all their lives.

Here are one or two typical cases to illustrate the various phases of cottage estate life in the raw:

The man was a general dealer in the East End, which may mean anything from pushing a barrow to selling dogs which have been "found."

He had a wife (married at sixteen) and seven children (one on the way), two of whom were sickly. He had to move out of his one or two rooms to a cottage estate, where his rent was 17s. 2d.

The wife had never been trained in domestic work. Someone gave him employment on the estate, but he had no physique and become ill.

The Salvation Army helped them for a year, lending them rent-money, feeding them and paying doctor's bills.

They got into difficulties all round, and at last the Army could do no more and they were turned out.

All went into the workhouse. They came out after some months and had another try in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch, where they are just managing with a small shop.

Why should they have been subjected to this ordeal at all? What use is it to anyone?

Perhaps the most pitiable thing of all is that the host of fugitives who come back to search for a room in their old haunts before they are thrown out of their present estate-houses are often unable to find any accommodation at all.

With slum-clearance in progress there is less housing available. They return to their "ideal" homes and wait, hoping for the best.

But there are still the poor wretches who *have* to go back to the filth they thought they had quitted for ever.

We will quote one instance that speaks for innumerable others:

A husband, wife and two children, completely destitute, were compelled after several notices extending over months, to clear out.

Their hire-purchase furniture had gone long ago. The few sticks of their own which remained they piled on to a battered perambulator.

Squeezed in

Wearily they tramped half-way back to the City, and then got a lift, pram and all, from a kindly lorry-driver. At any rate, they thought, if we can't get back to the old room, the neighbours will give us a shakedown.

But they arrived to find the house demolished and the neighbours' hovels full to overflowing.

A woman, with seven children of her own, managed to squeeze in the little boy and girl belonging to these distraught parents, but they themselves had to go straight to the workhouse.

But for "slum-clearance" they might still have been existing in comparative content.

Now somebody—or the system—is definitely to blame for this scandal.

People who are served with notice to quit the slums must be found homes *in which they can live.*

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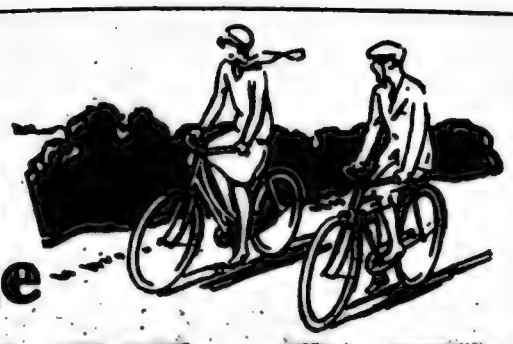

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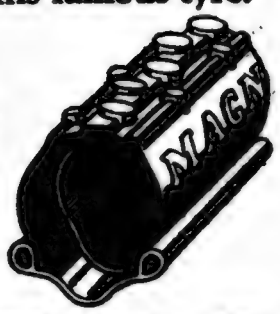

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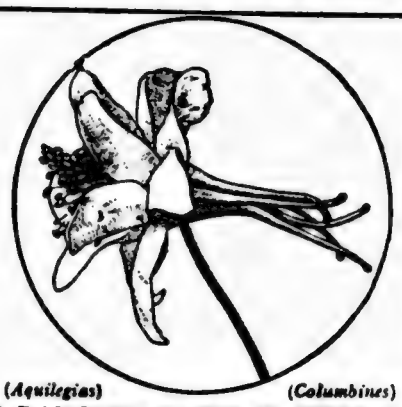

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Now is the time when this rich, generous Tonic Wine will do you most good. Now,—when your system is at its lowest, after the wet depressing weather. Every drop of this warm, strength-giving Wine goes right into your system to make your blood richer and build up your powers of resistance **against Coughs, Colds and Chills.** Take this powerful Tonic Restorative also to protect yourself against the danger of Bronchitis that may follow Colds and Influenza.

Hall's Wine must do you good

HALL'S WINE IS THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

Large Bottle 5/6
Smaller 3/3

Of Wine Merchants Licensed Grocers and Chemists.

938

Watery lather lets the razor "slide over."

Erasmic lather holds the hairs up to the blade.

Shave your beard Don't flatten it

Does your razor just glide over and flatten the hairs, leaving them almost as long as they were before? If so, your lather is probably weak and watery, and what you want is Erasmic Shaving Stick, which is specially prepared to lather freely and closely and holds every hair up to the blade. That is why this perfect British stick gives such a quick, close and *lasting* shave.

ERASMIC SHAVING STICK

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In Nickel-container • • 1/3

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TO EVERY PURCHASER

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ONE lovely **ALHAMBRA QUILT**, in all newest colourings and designs.
PAIR of good **TURKISH TOWELS.**
PAIR of long **NOTTINGHAM LACE CURTAINS**, or **TWO PAIRS** of lovely **CASEMENT CURTAINS.**
ONE BEDROOM RUG, coloured floral design.
All Bedding for Full-Size Double Beds.

EXTRA GIFT *of this charming* **CLOCK**, *suitable for any room, if full cash sent with order.*

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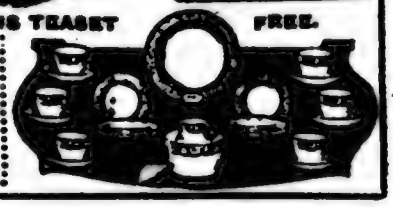
40/- Carriage Paid



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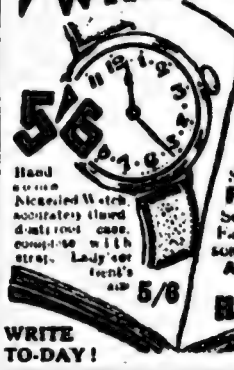

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A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given FREE to All Sufferers!

Every nerve sufferer should send at once for a copy of my absorbingly interesting book, "The Conquest of Fear!" which describes a simple, inexpensive home treatment for Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Lassitude, Weak Nerves, Morbid Fears, and similar nervous disorders. A copy of this wonderful book will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW and learn how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you!

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CHILDREN'S COUGHS and COLDS Coughs, nasal and bronchial colds are relieved promptly by the antiseptic vapour of Cresolene—the drugless treatment with fifty years of successful use its guarantee. The most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

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SHADOW OF THE *Hovering* SPIRIT

TWO years ago my mother was knocked down by a motorist and is now an incurable invalid. Our family is a happy and united one. We share each other's troubles.

Recently I have lost a younger brother. He was gassed in the trenches, and to add to his pension he worked as rent-collector.

Before he died he became very interested in spiritualism and the possibilities of intercourse with the "other side." To my certain knowledge, he never went further than speculation.

At the same time, I know that had he lived he would have experimented in spiritualism, because he had become interested in a woman whose rent he collected each week. She frequently acts as a medium at séances.

After his death the collector who took his place met this woman, who enquired whether my brother was dead.

Being answered in the affirmative, she added with a smile: "I thought so, for he has been in here, and I have seen him and spoken with him since the funeral."

THIS woman then asked that a message might be taken from my brother "on the other side" to my sick mother.

This message was to the effect that certain business difficulties causing her anxiety would be settled to her satisfaction shortly, and that my brother will not "pass on his way" until he sees this accomplished.

Hitherto, we have not dared to tell my mother this for fear of her terrible reaction should the message prove to be mere bunkum.

The impressive part is that the woman claiming to be a medium did not know our family, and had not seen a notice of my brother's death.

Further, we never breathe a word of our family affairs outside the home, and there actually are two business deals causing mother anxiety.

"HUMANIST" says: Whether you tell your mother or not, such a message cannot affect the fate of the two business deals which are causing her anxiety.

Further, even the most advanced spiritualists do not claim that spirits can affect business matters or forecast the result of a horse-race.

Your only sensible plan is to consult your mother's doctor. There are many genuine spiritualists, but you may fall into the hands of a mischievous charlatan.

RED IRONY

of brotherly "love"

I AM the only remaining unmarried son of a grown-up family, all the men of whom are colliers. I live with my parents, both well over sixty-five.

I have risen in material circumstances over the rest, being now an official on the colliery-office staff.

This is solely because my brothers refused to slog away at education, preferring to go down the mine at the earliest moment in order to earn.

I, on the other hand, got a scholarship, and went on studying until I could work with some hope of promotion.

Now, alas! the good days of mining have waned and unemployment is rife.

During the past few years nearly all my friends and relatives have fallen out of work, but whenever this has happened I have moved heaven and earth to get my brothers a job.

I have lent them money and done all I can to ease their extra burdens, such as are bound to come to every man on marriage.

This constitutes my problem. My brothers have developed most violently extreme political views, and the moment they get a job begin at once to foment friction and strife between colliers and colliery officials.

This reflects upon me, as the person who gave them their jobs, and naturally does me no good.

Now two of them are once more out of work. They ask and expect me to recommend them for employment, but up to now I have held back. This is causing unbearable family friction.

My mother and father upbraid me, and my brothers are making my life unbearable with sneers about "bourgeoise snobs."

I am anxious about their dependents. I am longing to see them employed. But I have been given a pretty broad hint that my own position will become precarious if I get the reputation for staffing men only to foment trouble.

"HUMANIST" says: A man should not be refused work because of his political opinions, but neither must he use his job as a platform for propaganda.

If you can obtain your brothers' word of honour that they will observe this code, give them a helping hand. If not, you are justified in refusing it.

STIFF UPPER LIP

is quivering

MARRIED exactly ten years, my husband has not put in more than twelve months at real work.

Even in the comparatively palmy days of coal-mining in Yorkshire, the higher rates only made him lazy. He could get all he wanted in three days, was his cry.

To make ends meet, I got work in a cotton-mill, walking three miles there and back, and did my own baking and washing at night.

When things were not to my husband's liking, he would knock me about.

Worse was to follow. I got entangled in the machinery at the mill and lost the use of a limb.

For that I drew 17s. weekly, and my husband, who by now had no work at all, and never tried for any, settled down, expecting us both to live on it as though it were a fortune.

After two miserable years, I asked my late employers for a final settlement. They were sympathetic and generous, and gave me a handsome lump sum.

Out of this I bought a small house and furnished it to try and [illegible] my living with lodgers. I wanted to make a real home for my bonny [illegible] son, who, I may add, has all along been the sole reason for my sticking to my husband.

BUT now my resistance is weakening. Although my husband likes me still, I have no correspondence with him and do not even occupy the same room. He has free lodging, food and tobacco, but gives me no ground for divorce.

Yet this is what I would like above all things, for I have grown very fond of one of my lodgers, who would like to marry me.

But my husband sits lazy and indifferent, enjoying having the house to himself whilst I go out night after night with the other man for pleasure.

"HUMANIST" says: Do not spoil such a splendid display of grit by weakening into immorality. If you think of your boy you will have strength to seek some better way out.

You are drifting into disaster. Tell your lodger to go. Then consult your local magistrate as to some means of making your husband work. A public rebuke might make a different man of him.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

JOCK RUTHERFORD'S *Football Forecasts for March 8*

LAY of the LEAGUES

FOOTBALL LEAGUE.—Division I.

BIRMINGHAM v. Burnley.
BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Derby County.
Grimsby Town v. Leeds United.
HUDDERSFIELD TOWN v. Sunderland.
Leicester City v. Sheffield Wednesday.
LIVERPOOL v. Portsmouth.
MANCHESTER UNITED v. Aston Villa.
Middlesbrough v. Manchester City.
NEWCASTLE UNITED v. Everton.
SHEFFIELD UNITED v. Bolton Wanderers.
West Ham United v. ARSENAL.

Division II.

BARNSLEY v. Bristol City.
BLACKPOOL v. Notts County.
Bradford v. Preston North End.
BURY v. Reading.
CHELSEA v. Charlton Athletic.
Millwall v. Wolverhampton Wanderers.
NOTTS FOREST v. Hull City.
OLDHAM ATHLETIC v. Stoke City.
SOUTHAMPTON v. Bradford City.
TOTTENHAM HOTSPUR v. Swansea Town.
WEST BROMWICH ALBION v. Cardiff City.

Division III. (South).

BRENTFORD v. Crystal Palace.
BRIGHTON AND HOVE v. Northampton.
BRISTOL ROVERS v. Gillingham.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Norwich City.
COVENTRY CITY v. Fulham.
Merthyr Town v. LUTON TOWN.
NEWPORT COUNTY v. Walsall.
PLYMOUTH ARGYLE v. Southend.
Swindon Town v. Exeter City.
Torquay United v. BOSCOMBE.
Watford v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.

Division III. (North).

Barrow v. Accrington Stanley.
CARLISLE UNITED v. Doncaster Rovers.
Crewe Alexandra v. Tranmere Rovers.
NELSON v. Chesterfield.
NEW BRIGHTON v. Rochdale.
PORT VALE v. South Shields.
SOUTHPORT v. Lincoln City.
STOCKPORT COUNTY v. Rotherham.
WIGAN BOROUGH v. Hartlepools.
WREXHAM v. Darlington.
YORK CITY v. Halifax Town.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Division I.

ABERDEEN v. Kilmarnock.
AYR UNITED v. Airdrieonians.
CLYDE v. Dundee.
Dundee United v. Motherwell.
FALKIRK v. Partick Thistle.
Hamilton Academicals v. Hearts.
Hibernians v. Celtic.
RANGERS v. Cowdenbeath.
ST. MIRREN v. St. Johnstone.

Division II.

ALBION ROVERS v. Clydebank.
Bo'ness v. LEITH ATHLETIC.
BRECHIN CITY v. Armadale.
DUMBARTON v. Stenhousemuir.
Dunfermline v. QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.
King's Park v. East Fife.
MONTROSE v. Forfar Athletic.
RAITH ROVERS v. Arbroath.
ST. BERNARDS v. East Stirlingshire.
THIRD LANARK v. Alloa.

Capital letters indicate teams to win. No distinction is made a draw is expected.

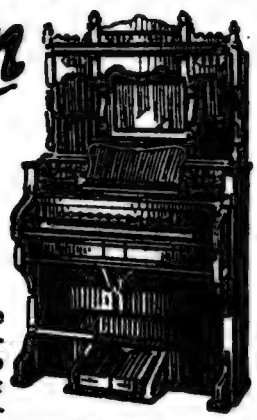
MY SPECIAL SELECTIONS

SIX HOME WINNERS: Blackpool; Bury; Oldham Athletic; Plymouth Argyle; Stockport County; Rangers.

FOUR AWAY WINNERS: Arsenal; Boscombe; Luton Town; Queen's Park Rangers.

FOUR DRAWS: Middlesbrough v. Manchester City; Swindon Town v. Exeter City; Hamilton Academicals v. Hearts; Crewe Alexandra v. Tranmere Rovers.

Either Piano or Organ 17/6



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£550 AWARDED

in "John Bull's" Crossword Competition No. 51.

In Crossword Competition No. 51 *solutions containing one error each were received from the following sixteen competitors, to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £31 5s. will be despatched :—*

Bailey, C., 92, St. Leonards Road, Hove, Sussex.
Barnard, Mrs. K., 90, The Avenue, Ramsey, Huntingdonshire.
Bennett, Mr., 49, York Road, Southend.
Chenery, J., 87, Battle Road, Belvedere, Kent.
Elliott, Miss E., 281, John Williamson Street, S. Shields.
Hanson, F., 158, Girlington Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.
Hill, Miss E. M., 8, Hooten Levitt, Maltby, Rotherham.
Inglis, A. J., 90, Spiers Wharf North, Port Dundas, Glasgow.
Lawrence, Miss P., Spring Terrace, Milton, Nr. Weston-super-Mare.
Minett, A., Top, Tranch, Pontypool, Mon.
Overend, E. C., West Chapleton Avenue, Bearsden, Dumbartonshire
Riley, J. T., 24, Sackville Street, Derby.
Roper, H. A., 28, Hengrove Lane, Knowle, Bristol.
Stebbings, Miss R. M., 11, Forest Road, Torquay.
Sugden, F., 23, Florence Road, New Cross, S.E.14.
Underwood, H. G., 5, Trosnant Cres., Gellygaer, Nr. Cardiff.

Solutions containing two errors were received from 108 *competitors, who share the additional £50, each receiving 9s. 4d., and each has been notified. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices.*

Another £500 X-Word appears on Page 36. Try Your Skill Now!

8 BLANKETS 21/-

The Lot, packed free and sent on receipt of amount. Money returned in full if not fully satisfied.

CONTENTS.

6 Yorkshire Combed White Twilled Blankets, thick, warm, soft, and comfortable, well finished, and with assorted Blue and Hello fancy headings. Extra large, 60 by 78 in. Double bed size, and 2 Homespun Heather-Coloured Blankets, a most durable and useful Blanket, size 54 by 75 in. bordered. All Blankets neatly whipped edges; wear guaranteed.

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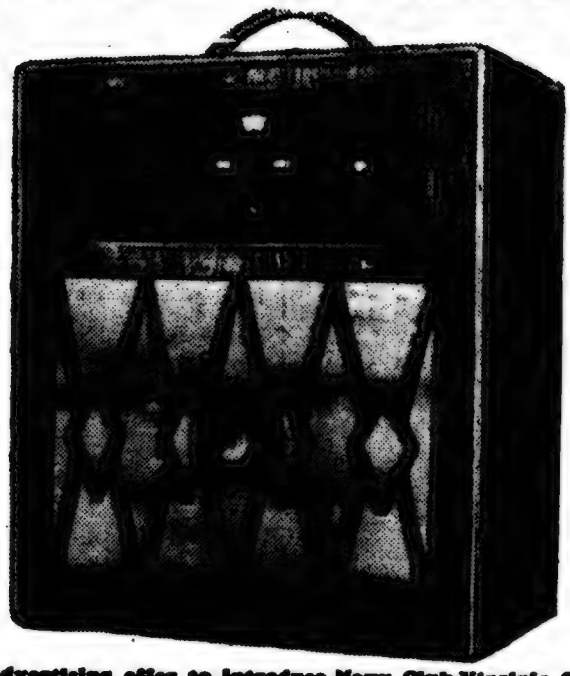

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Our Letter Parliament:

The Big Family I Know is HAPPY

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, March 11.

A Rogue I Know with a Heart of Gold.

WE were married forty-two years ago, and are as happy now as we were then.

We have fourteen children—seven boys and seven girls—and seventeen grandchildren.

We have never once quarrelled during our forty-two years together. We had only 30s. per week on which to bring up our family, but we were always cheerful and loving to each other.

We often laugh when we read about couples getting the Dunmow flitch, and think we ought to have the whole pig. —*M. J., Herefordshire.*

Nineteen All Alive

Maggie has had twenty-two children; nineteen are yet alive.

Maggie is a bright little woman. You may see her shopping on market-days, and when the train stops at her station some of her little troop meet her and carry her parcels.

Once when our village doctor had occasion to visit her, the children were having tea. He said, "Are these all?"

"No," Maggie said, pointing under the table. Some were having tea underneath.

In those days the husband earned only about 15s. a week.—*Mrs. B., Market Harborough.*

They Never Worry

The father is unemployed, and the mother does not enjoy robust health, yet their thirteen girls are pictures of health.

They are well-fed on the plainest of foods, and well-clothed, even if they do outrage the latest fashions.

They are the happiest, healthiest, bonniest and most active family group I know. They are all jocular and jovial, carefree and minus worry.

Ever ready to do kindnesses, kindness is showered on them.—"*Uno*," *Penygraig.*

Bell of Happiness

I have five children. I am either washing, baking, or doing something for my family.

But ask me if I am happy! Yes, far happier than those with no families, or with only one child.

My family keep both my husband and myself young, and to hear each one come in and say "Mother" or "Dad" is like a bell ringing in our ears.—*M. F., Leeds.*

Bonnie Thirteen

Ashamed of my baby?
The very winds cry—
Oh, don't let the blood
Of the Britons run dry.
The grandest in battle,
The greatest in peace,
Why shouldn't I glory
To see it increase?
Then silence, ye critics,
Your thoughts are unclean,
And come to my bosom,
My bonnie Thirteen.
—*Granny, Ayrshire.*

Perpetual Party

Ten children at home with dad and mother (we were—I left two years ago to marry), what heaps of fun and comradeship we had.

Always music available—piano, violin, banjo, gramophone. We walked out in each other's clothes (especially mother's gloves), and had all conceit knocked out of us.

Oh! the chaff when one got a new hat or a sweetheart. Nine tongues to give free criticism.

We learnt to sacrifice, to work together, to share everything.

Mother could never be pitied. She declared it was "like a party every day."

I miss the host of different interests now there's just hubby and I.—*J., Stirchley.*

Elixir of Youth

Five bonny, healthy girls, dad and I—that makes up my happy family.

Plenty of work, yes, maybe; but plenty of fun and laughter, keeping us both young and the house full of life.

Who would be without a family? Not me, God bless 'em.—*Mother of Five, Southall.*

My mother always says, "The more the merrier," and she is not far wrong, as she has all of us to help her in times of trouble.—*H. M. S., Kettering.*

John Wesley (though not the last) was the fifteenth child of a family which, according to history, was eminently happy.—*Wesleyan Minister, New Cross.*

I have five fine girls, a good hubby, and 34s. a week, and would not change places for £10 per week and no children. —*North Country Woman.*

I leave birth control to the idle. Give me my noisy brood of chicks.—*E. B., Shipston-on-Stour.*

For a young married couple to start married life by birth-control methods is a direct insult to nature and the God of love.—*J. J. S., Wolverhampton.*

The flappers are saying to-day, "We won't have children." Picture them forty years hence, miserable and forlorn. —*W. B., Suffolk.*

Family happiness—large or small the group—depends mainly on one thing—if a man and his mate are happy, so will the family be.—*M. B., Carlisle.*

Let Britons have a decent wage, and let every man be able to raise what family he likes, knowing well that every child will get proper attention.—*Dominie, Hunts.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

"Double" LONG-SHOTS

MY "Lincoln" and "National" double—Vatout and Easter Hero—has shortened in the last few weeks from 250 to 1 to 96 to 1.

It is a good bet, but, judging from my mail-bag, not good enough for the punters who want a small fortune for 5s.

Two long-shots of which I have genuine information are Orbindos and Sir Lindsay, but I can only suggest them as an each-way double.

They figure at prices which would return just over 1,000 to 1 for a win and about 70 to 1 for a place.

Orbindos was "pipped" for the "Lincoln" spoils two years ago, and could not be trained last March owing to the abnormal winter. He is O.K. now and is "expected."

Sir Lindsay is overshadowed by Easter Hero; but Jack Anthony's second string is a fearless jumper and stays for ever. Last March we gave a stable's "neglected" win at 100 to 1. History may be repeated.

The best bets at Lingfield are Spear o' War, Loyal Scot and Bonar Bridge.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, March 6, to Wednesday, March 12.

5 D C X P V E O 2 K T S N R Z
G Y B M F J 3 A W 9 U I L H Q

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life*, read the one above or below, as the case may be.

IOLYDRAA9 would read SANDY HOOK.

"SILVER RING."

UNHAPPY

I AM a registered midwife, working in a poor district, and I consider that many of the families should be smaller.

The children haven't a fair chance in life. They are unhappy from overcrowding, and ill-fed and rickety.

There is one family of nine—none ready for work—and the husband's wages £2. This is one of the many cases where birth control is needed.

My deepest feeling against birth control is that the treatment is given to young mothers with only one child.

The child is put out to be "minded," the mother goes back to work, debarring a single girl from employment.

The home-life is not considered, and the child is lonely, miserable and unhappy.—*A Midwife, Lancs.*

The Jam Jar

Scene—a miner's cottage. Four sons and father are at the pit.

Six children of school age are fighting to jam their bread at a jar which stands on the bare, deal table.

They yell, and push each other about in their fight for food; while the mother, physically worn out, can only look on and feebly demonstrate.

Too many mouths to feed: income too low; father prefers the quietude of the "pub."; mother just drifting to the grave.—*C., Durham.*

Two's Enough

We have a girl (seven) and boy (five) and a cosy little flat. Hubby is A B in the Royal Navy, so income is regular.

In twelve years hubby comes on pension. Our children will by then, we hope, be in good situations; but we want to give them a good education.

Our idea is this: isn't it better to make these two healthy, happy fit to face the world later on, and to be A1 Britishers than to have six C3 children? —*Mrs. V. Montague, Portsmouth.*

Better for Dogs

No man and woman should permit children to enter this world unless they can at least give them a dog's chance.

All horse, dog and bird fanciers realise the importance of good parentage and good food, cleanliness and personal attention regarding the offspring.

Yet we find human beings having children without a thought for their future comfort and well-being.—*H. Barbour, Glasgow.*

Quiverful—of Woe

Husband, wife, and a "step-ladder" of eight children. A "step-ladder," that is, which led downward to the pit.

One child each year placed an added burden upon the family income; kept the bread-winner's nose to the grindstone; gradually weakened in mind and body the mother, and eventually led the two elder children to theft, in order to "help things" out a bit.

That is one family's record of a "quiverful of unhappiness."—*H. J. Reynolds, Westminster.*

Mother's "Holiday"

Last week a poor woman came to make arrangements for the funeral of her baby, which had died from tuberculosis.

This was the third child she had lost, and she was waiting to go into the maternity home for the birth of her eighth child.

Her little girl said "Mother is going away for her holidays, and always brings a baby back with her."—*Undertaker's Wife, Wakefield.*

The day of large families is past, and common-sense and economic necessity will prevent its return.—*W. K., Paisley.*

Birth control would be "a very present help in trouble" to many a couple with stinted means.—*A. J. S., Smethwick.*

Make Music for Yourself I'll teach YOU quickly.

By training Mind and Muscle in unison I have taught BY POST in their homes—without any of the usual parlour-tricks from ordinary music over 70,000 adult pupils. I teach you how to play the Piano really brilliantly and to read any music readily at sight. I can teach you. Read what pupils say: "I find real pleasure not to have to trade exercises, scales, etc.—C. K., February, 1930. 837648. "I can now notice a sweet tone to my playing of my left hand has much more M.L.W., age 69. 20th February, 1930. 823187. Fascinating Lessons from Scratch-Clear, Fascinating Lessons from Scratch-Clear, Fascinating Lessons from Scratch-Clear,

Let nothing stand in YOUR WAY!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution on one Form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 54 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity: no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), March 13th.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), March 13th.

"John Bull's" £500 Must be won X WORD

An extra £50 for runners up

LET nothing stand in the way of your winning "John Bull's" great fair and square Crossword this week. Remember, difficulties are only made to be overcome, so clear all obstacles from your path and make a bee-line for that £500.

Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 20th. Winner will be given in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, March 27th. Result of Crossword No. 51 appears on page 33.

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp, and post to "**John Bull,**" **Crosswords (No. 54), 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.),** so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, March 13th.

Entry **MUST** be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and crossed [illegible] & Co. [illegible] and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any Coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £500 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, March 27th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £500 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post, **Tuesday, April 1st,** after which date the prize-money will be dispatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to:—**The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.**

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CUT HERE

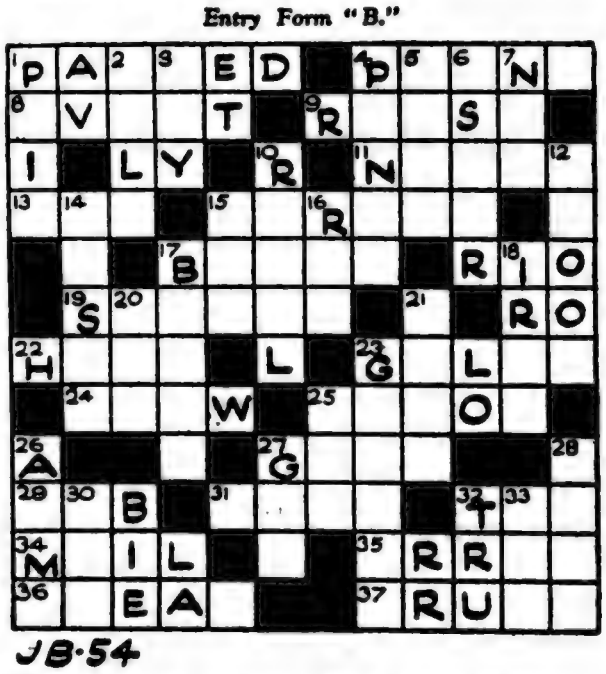
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 54

Entry Form "A."

JB·54

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."



JB·54

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), March 13th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete.

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

Clues Across.

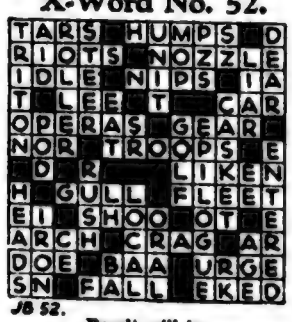
1. Separated.
4. Used by builder.
8. Prevent.
9. Elevate.
11. Paper money.
12. Free from moisture.
13. Calm.
17. Heard in a crèche.
19. Put into brine.
22. Brave man.
23. Lively old dance.
24. Put away.
25. Stonemason.
27. Violent burst.
29. Underhand to do this.
31. Found down coal mine.
32. A pair.
34. The post.
35. Mistake.
36. Seen in cookshop window.
37. Intoxicated.

Clues Down.

1. Settled.
2. Depend.
3. Make effort.
4. Sometimes seen in a door.
5. King of beasts.
6. Star-like flower.
7. Born.
10. Revolt.
12. To make a downward movement.
14. Plants.
15. Was seated.
16. Bright colour.
17. Gives colour to cheeks.
18. Common metal.
19. Skill.
21. Spoilt her beauty.
22. Struggled for breath.
23. . . . 's the word.
26. These give assistance.
27. Used when extracting teeth.
28. Put into sausages.
30. Cereal.
33. Gained.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (latest edition) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 52.



JB 52.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 52 is given herewith as matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

When you have completed this X-Word have a shot at the new Easy Word "Postscripts" Competition in "The Passing Show," Friday, 2d. Prizes value over £300. Three shots for Sixpence.

A BIGAMIST'S Bairns

AS Mrs. Edith's husband was a taxi-driver, she got used to his being out at all hours of the day and night, and devoted her time to her two babies and to making preparations for the coming child.

It came as a terrible shock, therefore, to learn one day that her husband had been arrested for bigamy.

During the fifteen months he was serving, with hard labour, she sold her belongings to buy food for her little ones, and went to live in a van rather than enter the workhouse and be separated from her babies.

She strove to earn a living by selling a few rags or selling wild flowers. Her father, an old-age pensioner, paid the ground-rent for the van, and neighbours helped.

Mrs. Edith had had an attack of pleurisy and was not strong, but struggled on to maintain her children. During the winter, the van had to be abandoned.

Her husband has now completed his sentence, and intends rebuilding the home, but he finds it impossible to get work. His wife writes:

"We have nothing coming in whatever, and how we live is just from hand to mouth. We have sold and pawned things in the home and clothes. We have hardly any clothes left to wear.

"I myself have walked four miles with a sack of rags, with my three children in the pram, to the rag-merchant, because he gives the best price, and I had 2s., which got us a day's bread and a little coal. Through my husband being unable to find work, I am unable to pay the rent, which is 12s. a week."

She laments that her children, now aged three, two and ten months, "are not their little selves lately through lack of nourishment and being poorly clad."

"The Greatest of These — " Fund will gladly help Mrs. Edith and her babies, if our readers will subscribe liberally to the fund.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to THE HON. SECRETARY, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Billie, 4½d.; Target, 1s.; Anon. (Newcastle), 1s.; Anon. (Doncaster), 1s.; H. B., 2s.; Brit and Lott, 2s.; Late Not Lost (Norfolk), 2s.; T. B. M., 2s. 8d.; Old Soldier, 2s.; One Mother To Another, 2s. 6d.; Pipe's Mate, 2s. 6d.; Brookfield, 3s.; P. P. P. (Wandsworth), 3s.; Mrs. E. Bowes (Barrow-in-Furness), 10s.; Anon. (Acton), 2s. 5½d.; H. D. C., 10s.; M. A. F. (Glasgow), 1s.; Mrs. E. L. C., 1s.; J. R. A. (Liverpool), 1s.; J. E. S., 1s.; Greate-Gate), 1s. 6d.; A Friend (Finchley), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Anon. (Reading), 2s. 6d.; Ashley Hill (Bristol), 5s.; Anon. (Yarmouth), 5s.; Mrs. Stattersfield, 10s.; Thankful, 2s. 6d.; Widow's Mite, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A., Watford, 2s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 6d.; A. W. Wooburn, 4s.; Bill (Mirfield), 2s.; Mrs. Hamper (Braintree), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Cranbrook), 2s. 6d.; Unjust Debt, 4s. 6d.; T., 10s.; J. R. C. H., 10s.; Ex-Service 219, 10s.; L. G. Dunn (Lockerby), 2s. 6d.; Pym, 6s.; Jack Graham, 3s. 6d.; James Miller, 1s.; F. C. Cornell (Bournemouth), 6d.; Miss Lilla Pridham, 1s.; H. Howard (Finchley), 2s. 6d.; E. K., 1s.; Evellyn (Whitley Bay), 6d.; Emily, 1s.; One Who Knows, 1s.; George (Walker), 1s.; O. L. W., 1s. 6d.; Anon. (St. Albans), 6d.; S. (Herne Bay), 8s. 3d.; Mrs. L. Peckham, Reader (Kingsbury), 1s.; C. A. B., 1s. 11d.; J. (Reading), 6d.; Granny (St. Albans), 2s.; S. M., 1s.; 8s.; B. B. B. (Beeston), 10s.; S. M., 1s.; James Anon. (Gelli Pentre), 10s.; Mr. (Fishguard), £1; N. B. (Torquay), Anon. Target Prize (Fishponds), 1s.; 6d. (Manchester), 6d.; J. E. (W., 6d.; Mrs. Brake (Evershot), 1s., J. E., £1 (Clerk), 2s. 6d.; S. S. E. (Surrey), 2s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; R. G. (Southwick), 2s.; Sympathiser, 2s. 6d.; Memory, 6d.; A Dear Heart," 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Reading), 2s.; Hereford Labourer, 2s. 6d.; In Sympathy, Olive Davis 2s. 6d.; Pipes Mill, 2s. 6d.; Olive (Douglas, I.O.M.), 2s. 6d.; Janie (Weston-on-Sea), 5s.; L. H. and S. H. (Bradford), £1; Mrs. A. J. Clarke (Four Oaks), 5s.; Anon., 1s.; Cuthbert (aged 6), 6s.; Inasmuch (Guernsey), 6s.; C. W., 1s. 6d.; Hereford, 1s.; A Poor Widow, 2s. 9d.; A Gardener's Wife, 6d.; Anon., £1 0s. 1½d.; Nippy, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; C. C. M. (London), 10s.; Mrs. E. Pratt (Halifax), 2s. 6d.; Colin Armit (Hamilton), 1s.; Hugh Robertson (Catrine), 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: Mrs. Gatehouse; G. H. Miller (Northampton); Mrs. E. Jones (Bournbrook); A Reader of JOHN BULL (Thrumpton); F. M. port; Mrs. D. White; A. Brenner, L. T. Picking (St. Neots); Mrs. E. Clunie, L. T. (Ed.); One Mother to Another (Poynton); Mrs. L. A. David; Anon.

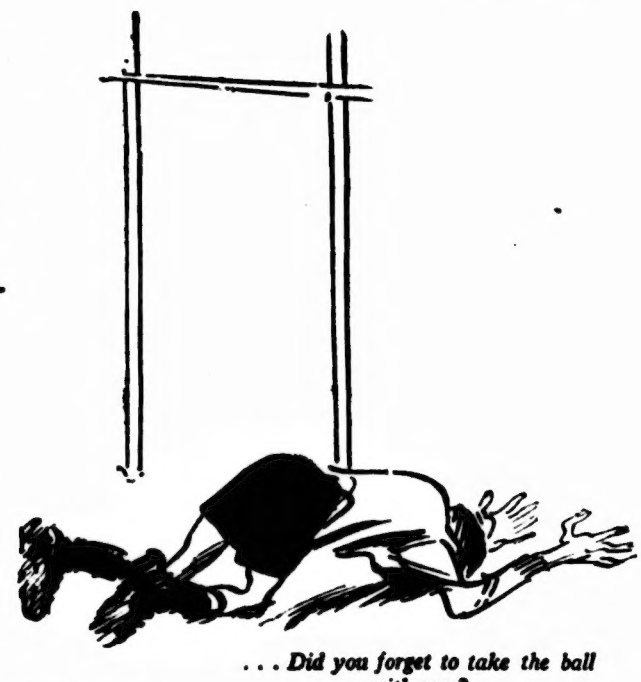
(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Write to "John Bull" about it

The EDITOR Replies

Rugby Player (Hove).—"Although I ran half the length of the field, and dodged man after man, I failed to score a try." . . .

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.



. . . Did you forget to take the ball with you?

A. B. (Edgware).—"Our rooms are very small." One remedy is to use thinner wallpaper.

F. E. (Wisbech).—"Our mothers didn't do what the girl of to-day does." They didn't; but they do.

P. N. (Blackpool).—"A well-known comedian was found suffering from exposure." Of his real salary?

STUDENT (Guy's).—"Meat should never be exposed." No, but many butchers should be.

A. L. (Grange).—"What India needs is a Parliament like ours." But isn't that a bit too rough on them?

P. T. (Exeter).—"I don't really believe that editors read a lot of rubbish." Well, here's the proof!

L. S. (Teddington).—"I am thinking of going in for gardening." Turning it over in your mind.

MRS. D. (Crewe).—"A man should wear something to show that he is married." He does—a worried look.

MRS. B. (Walton).—"I've taught my tame rabbit many a trick." Including the trick of handing over his full wages?

S. A. (Preston).—"Not a single missionary was eaten in 1929." The Church believes in sending out a tough lot now.

GEO. T. (Yarmouth).—"When I was introduced to him I wasn't a bit nervous." But we expect your hand shook.

CURIOUS (Devonport).—"Do you think the American films have conquered?" Well, they often put one to sleep.

S. J. (Canterbury).—"Musicians are not muscular." Nonsense. How would you like to carry the big drum in a brass band?

J. G. (Colindale).—"The girl I am to marry is a very good swimmer." Congratulations! She probably knows how to keep her mouth shut.

C. H. (Amersham).—"He went to the fancy-dress ball as a gondola man." We trust he didn't finish up as a Venetian—blind.

B. K. (Hayes).—"The quality of milk and coal is all-important." Sometimes a householder gets enough chalk to mark all the slate delivered to him.

MUS.BAC. (Oxford).—"In these days of wireless, the piano has to fight for its life." We notice our neighbour's piano has got its back to our wall.

C. D. (Aston).—"I read of a man who has not slept for fifteen years in Vienna." We know men who never slept in Vienna at all.

MISS N. C. (Bradford).—"Why should a woman take a man's name when he marries her?" Why not—she takes everything else.

P. N. (Chester).—"The identification of dogs by nose-prints is the latest American idea." In this country, postmen sometimes identify dogs by the tooth-marks.

H. K. (Epping).—"In China men are punished by being made to wear wooden collars in public." In this country the collars are made of linen—with cruel serrated edges.

S. T. (Iver).—"My garden has caused me a lot of trouble." So did Adam's.

A. B. (Coventry).—"She fassinated me once, but now her spel is brokun." So is yours.

P. R. (Kennington).—"You will generally find a woman in front of a glass." And a man behind one.

MINE HOST (Gloucester).—"Publicans must be good conversationalists." But they must also know when to shut up.

E. F. (Burton).—"The hotel where I stayed was overcrowded." You had a lot to put up with.

O. B. (Malden).—"As a boy, I was once thrashed for telling the truth." Did it cure you?

MAC (Aberdeen).—"I maintain that Scotland should have a national coin." Such as a Tartanner!

B. P. (Hitchin).—"A joke doubled me up with laughter at the club last night." Which one were you telling?

T. P. (Letchworth).—"I missed my train to the City three days running." You must try galloping.

N. C. (Ely).—"Don't you think that all cyclists should carry rear-lights?" No, but we think bicycles should.

A. McC. (Glasgow).—"What do you think my son got on his sixteenth birthday?" A year older.

W. O. (Bridlington).—"Few people play cards for love." But many seem to play for spite.

S. K. (Crewe).—"Can you tell me a good cure for toothache?" Walk halfway to the nearest dentist.

C. H. (Coventry).—"What sort of people believe in second sight?" Those who fell in love at first sight.

G. P. (Bury).—"My maid smashed a tea-pot because I would not give her a holiday." She felt she must have a break of some sort!

T. P. (Nuneaton).—"I was expelled from the choral society and was not allowed to appeal." So you now have no voice in the matter.

T. N. T. (Manchester).—"Everyone should accustom himself to a cold shower every morning." Particularly if they live in England.

L. M. (Elham).—"We had the curate for dinner." Was he tender?

F. M. (Cambridge).—"My husband has given up smoking." When did you decide that?

BROKER (Throgmorton Street).—"Easy money is the cause of waste." And waist.

A. L. (Stockport).—"This cold weather chills me to the bone." You should get a thicker hat.

BASSO (Boscombe).—"What do you think most bass singers diet on?" Well, judging by the sounds they make, carrots.

P. T. (Hampstead).—"The taxi-driver was not satisfied until I doubled the tip I offered him." So it cost you twopence.

F. J. (St. Pancras).—"I know a man who has spent every evening at home with his wife for twenty years." Rheumatism, we suppose.

MRS. T. (Lambeth).—"We have now been married five years and not once has my hubby uttered a hasty word." Does he stutter?

P. N. (Islington).—"He was fined 10s. 6d. for knocking off a policeman's helmet." The 6d. was amusement tax, we suppose.

MEDICO (Edinburgh).—"No two cheeks are exactly alike." Especially after the owner has been shaving hurriedly to catch that 8.50 train to town.

T. D. S. (Liverpool).—"Why is the curtain lowered so often in some revues?" Would it not be more to the point to ask why it is ever raised?

G. M. (Wimbledon).—"I recently found a piece of rubber in a sausage." Only one further proof that the motor is replacing the horse everywhere.

J. S. (Norwich).—"I've worked hard all my life, but now I've nothing to look forward to." Put in a few minutes' overtime on *Bullets* this week and April 4 may bring you news of the Record Prize offered on page 39.

MRS. G. (Newhaven).—"When you anxiously count the minutes it means that a close friend is coming." When you anxiously count the spoons it means that a close friend has just gone.

D. S. (Walsall).—"Nothing in this world is done as well as it might be." What about the British taxpayer?

D. G. (Margate).—"Civilisation is just a process of getting rid of our prejudices." And acquiring some more.

C. C. (St. Andrews).—"Golf is not mentioned in the Bible." But we learn there that Jehu drove furiously.

P. H. (Morden).—"What this world needs is more backbone." It also needs something on top of the backbone.

BACHELOR (Perth).—"Is there anything constant about the modern woman?" Only her age.

P. L. (Yarmouth).—"Vast stretches of land in the South Polar regions are reported to be uninhabited." Is Mussolini losing his dash?

D. W. (Sutton).—"A burglar broke into my house recently, but only took my gramophone." Which of your neighbours do you suspect?

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side-Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

DARLINGTON AND STOCKTON TIMES:—"A fair number of MOUNTED FOOT followers put in an appearance."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND STAR:—"Gent's cashmere PLATED Under Vests."

NORTHAMPTON INDEPENDENT:—"For the THIRD successive year he celebrated his 82ND birthday."

MY WEEKLY:—"'Will you pick me a few SNOWDROPS meanwhile?' Fay mused as she cut the TALL white flowers."

GIBBONS' STAMP MONTHLY:—"There are at least 300,000 stamp COLLECTORS in Germany, a good deal of them in VERY GOOD CONDITION."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"His HEALTH is believed to be due to heart failure, following a seizure."

YORKSHIRE OBSERVER:—"The response has exceeded our most SANGUINARY expectations."

KIRKINTILLOCH GAZETTE:—"VOICE CULTURE.—Now being TAUGHT. STAMMERING, LISPING, and all Vocal Defects."

"CAIN THE RINGER" (Edgar Wallace):—"He was ALONE. . . . And by his SIDE WAS A LADY."

BLACK MASK MAGAZINE:—"A VOICE was PEEPING almost mechanically from across the room."

SALFORD CITY REPORTER:—"Remove the GRAVY when cooked and CUT INTO NEAT JOINTS."

PRICE

must always be considered in relation to value received. That is why enthusiastic competitors have hitherto willingly paid a penny more for the only journal devoted exclusively to competitions. The

Competitors' Guardian

is independent and authoritative and deals with all skill contests. The response of the competition public to its clear-cut policy now justifies an immediate reduction in price to twopence; but although the price will be

LESS

the high standard of its contents will remain unchanged. Bullets are analysed and explained by winners of numerous firsts. Cross-word contests are dealt with completely and exhaustively. In the columns of the

Competitors' Guardian

will be found exclusive advice for these and for all picture competitions. The Guardian's straightforward selections for *Daily Sketch* "A" Names (the most recent period contest result showed 69 out of 72 correct. *Definite* advice is given for alternative competitions

BUT

the Guardian does not stop there. It advocates the abolition of chance and the use of skill and intelligence in all such contests. It claims that pictures and cross-words should be framed with the cleverness and originality which are the characteristics of Bullet construction. In its consistent pressure for *better* contests the

Competitors' Guardian

stands alone. It *shows* how competitions *can* be and *will be* improved. From cover to cover the Guardian *specialises* in matters of interest to the competitor who takes competitions seriously. It is on sale at all newsagents, but if after reading this, you are

STILL

unconvinced, a postcard to the Publisher, 44 High Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6, will bring you a specimen copy free and post free. To allow our experts adequate time to analyse current contests, while still allowing readers ample time to enter, the

Competitors' Guardian

is published every *Tuesday* morning. Once you have become a reader—assimilated the practical and exclusive advice given, profited by the free advisory service which candidly criticises efforts submitted—you will become one of the many successful competitors who proclaim this all-competition journal

PRICELESS

Woodman's Home gutted by Fire

JOHN BULL to the rescue!

Mr. Wendes and his six children. Note the upper storey window from which he lowered his wife and three of the children.

BIG, honest Woodman Wendes lived in a cottage near East Meon, Hants. In the dead of night a smouldering joist in the old chimney burst into flame. The dwelling became a roaring furnace. With the greatest presence of mind our reader rescued his wife and three of the youngest children by lowering them through an upper storey window. Nothing was left of the little home but the blackened walls. Fortunately Mr. Wendes had taken the precaution to register for JOHN BULL's Free Insurance and has now received a cheque for £80. Is *your* home covered against Fire?

AGAINST FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT
"John Bull" covers you free—sign the forms now.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To Mr. ..... (Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 8/3/30.

CUT HERE

***Post* this Coupon to**
"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.
Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....
Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**

J.B., 8/3/30.

SPEED ON TO FORTUNE!

"Bullets" Record Prize Awaits You

Mr. T. Armer

WHAT a momentous day may be coming for you on Friday, April 4!

This is the day on which we shall be despatching an historic telegram to one of this week's *Bullets* competitors.

"You have won our Record Prize of 4,000 Guineas or £5 a Week for Life and £2,000" will be its sensational message.

Then, as your guarantee that the news is genuine, we shall add the winning *Bullet* which we now ask you to write on one of the coupons on the opposite page.

Just such a telegram was received by a Liverpool booking clerk one grey afternoon in November last, though in his case the reward for a few minutes' thought was £2,000 less than may be yours in the current contest.

£5 a Week for Life was the prize which brought November success to Mr. Thomas Armer, of 342b, Mill Street, Liverpool. He entered the effort HUMANITY DEMANDS—PRIVACY LOOK INTO" SLUMS, and is now receiving a £5 Pension every Saturday as the result of entering those few words upon a *Bullets* coupon.

As Mr. Armer is still a young man, he has every prospect of collecting £8,000 to £10,000 from us during his lifetime; but he is no magician. There was nothing in those four words of his which could not have been thought of by any JOHN BULL reader.

Nor do we ask of you more than a few plain, well-chosen words in exchange for the mightiest First Prize in all the seventeen years of *Bullets* history.

LAST week, for the simple words TREAT TO SEE—"HUMANITY TOUCH" SHATTERING ARMAMENTS, we awarded a record one-week prize of 850 Guineas to a builder in a little Oxfordshire town—Mr. H. Hopcraft, Ivy Cottage, Piddington, Thame. This prize has proved a real godsend to a man disabled in the war, but think what this week's prize would mean to you.

Enter the best *Bullet* and take your choice of our record prizes!

£887 10s. CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION No. 748.

Mr. A. Heard, 49, Briar Crescent, Topsham Road, Exeter
Example:—WHY HE'S SORE
Bullet:—"CLEAN SHEET"—"NO "BED."

FOUR PRIZES OF £100 EACH:

Mr. J. Comery, 19, Devon Street, Nottingham.
Example: Always at Work
Bullet: Ex-Policeman, Ex-Postman — Ex-Soldier Exception.

Mr. C. W. Edge, 111, Elm Grove Road, Barnes, S.W.
Example: Defrauding The Company
Bullet:—Directors "Drawing" Without "Pulling."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. A. E. Miles, [illegible], Ince Avenue, Anfield, Liverpool.
Example:—Miss Independence
Bullet:—Says "I Will!" *Alone.*

Mr. J. Swan, 8, Oxford Street, Edinburgh.
Example:—Disturbing
Bullet:—"Jack"—The Naval "Giant-killers."

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. G. ALDERSON, 21, Alder Grove, Balby, Nr. Doncaster.
Disturbing—After Flander's Mud—Author's.

B. C. BARKER, 2, Camping Close, Sawston, Cambridge.
Labour On Top On Surface.

V. H. BATEMAN, 47, Mile Oak Road, Southwick, Sussex.
Wrecks—Youth—"Moored" In Slums.

J. H. CROWLEY, The Grove, Kinsale, Co. Cork.
Lion Tamer—Gandhi—While Lion's Tame.

A. LAMPITT, 24, Wilson Street, Worcester.
At The Next Conference Scrap Politicians' "Under*hand* Craft!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. MORTIMER, Swiss Nursery, Boundstone, Farnham, Surrey.
Defrauding The Company—Hanging On *Two* Straps.

H. PAYNTING, 4, West Rock, Warwick.
Always At Work—Satan *His* "Pit's" Open.

Miss R. RALPH, "Rosaville," Esplanade, Fleetwood.
In Any Case Nelson "Touch" Mustn't "Go."

P. ROACH, 18, Ryland Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham.
Lion Tamer—Delusion "Bear" Foolishly "Hugs."

R. WOOD, 99, Aston Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham.
Miss Independence "Eve" Making Own "Eden."

10 PRIZES OF £2:10:0 EACH

A. BARNETT, "Heatherbrae," Station Road, Mickleover, Derby.
Inherited Cash, Crass Ass Crash!

Mrs. J. BULLIVANT, 19, Gem Road, Birmingham.
Always At Work—Sonny Till Leaves School.

H. S. CARTER, 125, Bear Road, Brighton.
Leaving Home—Mornings—Sylvia Gibbs Run.

N. C. W. EDGE, 111, Elm Grove Road, Barnes, S.W.
Running Straight—Easy, Given Straight Run.

T. W. EVANS, Persant, Llanafan, Garth, Breconshire.
Running Straight—Very Seldom A Miss "Parallel."

Mrs. G. HAM, Tuckerton, North Newton, Nr. Bridgwater, Som.
Inherited—Fortitude—Better Than Fortune

T. HAYES, 108, Main Street, West End, Lurgan.
Miss Independence—"Burns Flowers" Ignoring Fireside.

C. KENYON, 29, Cromwell Street, Burnley, Lancs.
Unexpected Thrill—"Blimey! Victoria, I Made!"

E. BRIAN MEREDITH, Holt Green, Aston, Ormskirk.
Defrauding The Company—"Guinea Pigs" "Rabbits" Are "Lions."

P. RIGGALL, 130, Cliffe Field Road, Cleckheaton.
Consulting A Solicitor—Boy Can't Afford.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN PAID.

A list of 25 £1, 50 10/-, and 500 2/6 winners in competition No. 748 can be seen at these offices.

FREE HELP FOR YOU.

IF your name is not among the winners this week, why not send for your free weekly *Bullets Bulletin* and get into the prize-list? It is yours for the mere cost of postage.

Hints galore on how to win and other helpful features await you in the pages, which breathe the very sphere of *Bullets*.

Send a halfpenny stamped envelope for a specimen copy. Or, better still, secure a regular supply by sending P.O. to cover postage (crossed "& Co." payable to JOHN BULL) as follows: able to JOHN BULL) as follows: 12 weeks, 6d. P.O.—24 weeks, 1s. P.O. 36 weeks, 1s. 6d. P.O.—48 weeks, 2s. P.O.

Address: *Bulletin* Department, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded to the competitor who, in the opinion of the judges in conjunction with the Editor is the best Bullet submitted, and the other prizes in order of merit, the chief test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be submitted on each coupon, and a postal order for 6d. must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon to be made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and equitable, and acceptance of this ruling in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

CASH THE COUPONS!

Become the proud possessor of a JOHN BULL Pen. Each is fitted with a 14 carat solid gold nib, tipped with iridium and each is accompanied by a written guarantee. With either Pen JOHN BULL presents a

2/6 "EVERPOINTED" PENCIL FREE,

heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Cash the coupons!

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON
Value 6d.

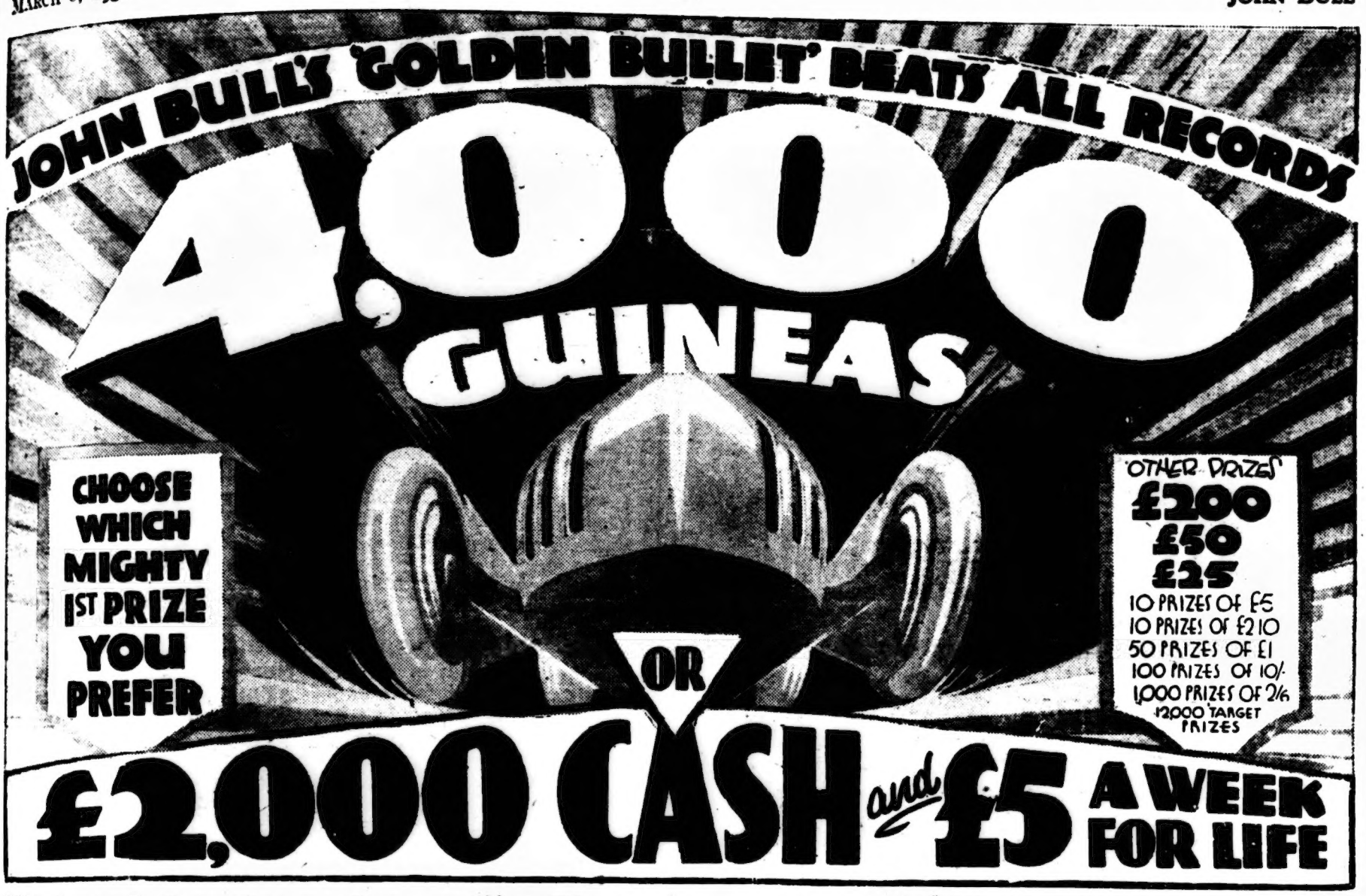
Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5 - Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4 -.
For the 3 6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2 6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Cross remittance "& Co." (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



Life-long Independence For a Few Words.

THE "Golden Bullet" with which 4,000 Guineas or £5 a week for life and £2,000 must be won may now be lying dormant in your brain.

Bring it to life by reading over the *Examples* given on this page. To one of these *Examples* add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment and a *Bullet* is made.

For instance, suppose you choose the *Example* ROCKY ROAD, the addition of the words NATIONS "MAKING IT UP" would complete a typical *Bullet*.

Study the winning *Bullets* on the opposite page and then get busy with your own efforts for our Record First. Saturday, March 22, is the closing date, but do not wait until the last minute. Start work on that "Golden Bullet" this evening, and half-an-hour's thought may bring a lifetime's ease and independence.

Somebody must enter the best *Bullet* and so win the choice between the two wonderful prizes announced above—why shouldn't that *Bullet* be entered by you on one of the coupons below?

Choose from these "Examples."

WONDERFUL WORLD	GOING WITHOUT	MAN WITH A GUN
ROCKY ROAD	CLEAN	SHOWER OF BLESSINGS
FINDING THE MONEY	DELICATE PROBLEM	CO-OPERATION
HAPPY HUSBAND	REDUCING	THE AFTERMATH
DAMAGES	IN THE OLD DAYS	NOBLE
FIGHTING FOR PROSPERITY	UNLIMITED	MUST REMAIN
TATTERED AND TORN	DREADING	SHARING
POPULAR BUDGET	TIME TO START	MONEY'S SCARCE, BUT STILL
SELDOM WINS	MOST PROFITABLE	SINKING SHIP
MRS. BUSYBODY	HE'S GOT PUSH, SO	WAY TO HELP
IN SPITE OF	DANGER TO INDUSTRY	TICKLES ME
IF WEALTH'S A DISEASE	THE CROWN	SAFEGUARDING THE FUTURE
HOME WORRIES	HAND OF FRIENDSHIP	
	EVER	

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(752) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 1 coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Cut out each coupon separately.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(752) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(752) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Address Entry:— "Bullets" No. 752, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(752) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(752) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Mar. 22
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(752) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.
Signed _____
Address _____

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order. See Rules on page 38.

THE NEW "DAILY HERALD"

LABOUR'S GREAT NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

OUT ON MONDAY MARCH 17

£10,000 FREE FAMILY INSURANCE

LOOK OUT FOR A STARTLING ANNOUNCEMENT IN "JOHN BULL" NEXT WEEK!

INDIGESTION NOT *your* LIVER *is what is wrong* GET CICFA NOW

THREE DAYS FREE TRIAL.

When you are feeling thoroughly "out-of-sorts," why blame your liver? In all probability it is quite healthy. The trouble is that it is being grossly overworked through being flooded with acids and impurities arising from Bowel Indigestion.

Digestion is not confined to the Stomach. Starchy foods—such as bread, potatoes, beans, etc.—are principally digested in the Bowel. In cases of Bowel Indigestion the food forms into little hard, dry masses or "Starch Balls." These block the passage and you have Constipation; also the Bile Circulation is interfered with. Acids and impurities from the undigested, stagnant food are absorbed through the walls of the Bowel into the blood stream and poured into the Liver. Hence the "*liverish*" *symptoms— irritability, sluggishness of brain and body, loss of appetite, "spots before the eyes," etc.*

If the root-cause of the trouble is not removed your Liver continues to be overworked, your blood becomes daily more impure and "acid," until your joints and deep muscles are affected, and you may have Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago.

Purgatives are useless. Your only hope of real and lasting benefit is to conquer the Bowel Indigestion.

READ THE EXPLANATION

Obviously, you need a remedy which will correct digestion both in Stomach and Bowel, because each stage of the digestive process affects the next stage.

Cicfa "re-educates" the digestive system because it supplies natural digestive ferments which work with Nature and so restore digestion at every stage throughout the Alimentary Tract.

If the PAIN IS HERE

your trouble is Stomach Indigestion, and the symptoms are:—

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder blade.

Cloonrane, Ballindine, Co. Mayo.
14th September, 1929.

Dear Sirs,—I have received the tube of Cicfa Tablets and am more than pleased with them. I think they are just excellent, and I feel much improved. I shall be glad to recommend them to all my friends. You have permission to publish this testimonial with my name and address.

(Signed) ELLIE WALSHE.

If the PAIN IS HERE

it is Bowel Indigestion, and the symptoms are:—

CONSTIPATION, with griping pains in **BOWEL.**
GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY, causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness, and bad taste in mouth.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/-.

TEST CICFA FREE

Send your name and address with this coupon and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1

JOHN BULL, 8/3/30.

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The guarantee appears in this issue on page 29.

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